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NEWPORT, R. I.

THE NEWPORT MERCURY was established in June, 1788, and is now in its one hundred and fifty-third year. It is the oldest newspaper in the United States, and, with less than half a dozen exceptions, the oldest printed in the English language. It is a large quarto weekly of forty-eight columns filled with interesting, reliable, and timely news, local and general, news, well selected miscellany and valuable farmers' and household departments. It is published at the office of publication and at the various news rooms in the city. Specimen copies sent free, and a special term given to advertisers by addressing the publisher.

Societies Occupying Mercury Hall.

ROGER WILLIAMS LODGE, No. 265, Order Sons of St. George, Frederick Eddy, President; Joseph J. Deane, Recording Secretary. Meets 1st and 3rd Mondays.

POUR WASTON, No. 679, FORESTERS OF America, James Graham, Chief Ranger; Joseph J. Deane, Recording Secretary. Meets 1st and 3rd Tuesdays.

THE NEWPORT HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY, James Robinson, President; Daniel J. Connelley, Secretary. Meets 2nd and 4th Tuesdays.

LADIES' AUXILIARY, Ancient Order of Hibernians (Division 11), President, Miss Catherine Curley; Secretary, Jennie Fontaine. Meets 2nd and 4th Thursdays.

DAUGHTERS OF THE THISTLE, No. 8, President, Mrs. C. C. Curley; Secretary, Mrs. Adam Remond. Meets 2nd and 4th Wednesdays.

ADRIAN THOMAS CAMP, Spanish War Veterans, Meets 1st and 3rd Thursdays. Commander, Charles Dault; Adjutant, Marshall W. Hall.

LADIES' AUXILIARY, Ancient Order of Hibernians (Division 11), President, Miss Catherine Curley; Secretary, Jennie Fontaine. Meets 2nd and 4th Thursdays.

REDWOOD LODGE, No. 11, K. of P., James H. Hampton, Chancellor; Commander, Robert S. Franklin; Keeper of Records and Seal, Meets 1st and 3rd Fridays.

DAVIS DIVISION, No. 8, U. R. K. of P., Sir Knight Captain Sidney D. Harvey; J. W. Schwab, Recorder. Meets 1st Fridays.

CLAN McLEOD, No. 163, John Yule, Chief; Alexander Gillies, Secretary. Meets 2nd and 4th Fridays.

NEWPORT LODGE, No. 28, Independent Order Sons of Benjamin, Louis Cack, President; Louis W. Kravetz, Secretary. Meets 2nd and 4th Sundays.

Local Matters.

The Cincinnati's Annual.

The Rhode Island Society of the Cincinnati will hold its annual commemorative celebration of Independence Day in the Old State House, Newport, Monday, July 4th, at 8 o'clock p. m., and in the evening the annual dinner will take place at the Casino. The officers of the Society this year are President, Hon. Asa Bird Gardner of New York, who will deliver the address of welcome; Vice President, Ex-Governor Charles Warren Lippitt of this city and Providence; Secretary, Mr. George Washington Olney of New York; Assistant Secretary, Colonel Charles Leonard Frost Robinson of this city; Treasurer, General Hazard Stevens of Boston, and Assistant Treasurer, Mr. Thomas Arnold Peck of East Greenwich, R. I. The Chaplain is Rev. Henry Barton Chapin, D. D., of New York. This Society was organized by the commissioned officers of the Rhode Island Continental Line of the Revolution at Saratoga Barracks at Schuylerville, N. Y., June 24th, 1783. The first meeting in Rhode Island was held in the Senate Chamber of the State House in Providence on December 17, of the same year. It was incorporated by act of the General Assembly February 28, 1814. Its meetings have been held in the State House, Newport, on the Fourth of July for many years, and they have always been of an exceedingly interesting character.

Graduating Exercises.

The graduating exercises of the Class of 1910 of the Rogers High School will be held in the assembly hall of the Rogers building on Friday next at 11 o'clock. The principal address will be made by Albert Edward Winslow, Litt. D., the well known educator of Boston. The grammar school exercises will be held in the same place on Thursday, this being a change from the regular custom, as the High School exercises have generally been held first. The principal speaker at the grammar graduation will be Hon. George H. Utter of Westerly, ex-Governor of Rhode Island. The recipients of the King medals for availability have been elected in the two schools, the Coddington school having selected Miss Alice Loretta Duon of 8 Narragansett avenue, and the Mumford school Miss Marion Emeline Blaine of 25 Rhode Island avenue.

No Heavy Gun Firing.

In response to requests from summer residents of Newport, who have in the past suffered considerable discomfort by the heavy gun practice at Fort Adams, Senator Welmore has interviewed the Secretary of War and has succeeded in having this firing cease during the summer. This information was transmitted to the Committee of twenty, composed of Newport business men and summer residents, at a meeting held on Tuesday. Senator Welmore's letter to Mr. John Thompson Spencer, chairman of the committee, was in part as follows:

"This spring on the representation of a number of persons living in the vicinity of Fort Adams, I took the matter up with the Secretary of War, and enclosed herewith a letter received by me from him, dated May 28, and also a copy of an accompanying memorandum prepared for him by the acting chief of coast artillery. I would call your particular attention to the paragraph headed 'Narragansett Bay' on page 5 of the memorandum, in which it is stated 'the companies stationed at Fort Adams and Vethell to have their practice at other points.'"

"I am informed at the War Department that the present arrangement regarding the service practice for the companies stationed at Fort Adams and Vethell in there will be no firing at those forts with any guns larger than sub-caliber tubes, which make very little noise. The troops at Fort Adams will go to Fort Greble on Dutch Island and to Fort Getty which is on the northwest point of Beaver-tail, opposite Dutch Island, for practice, except those assigned to the 12-inch guns at Fort Vethell, who will go to Boston for practice with them there. Therefore, the nearest guns to be fired at Newport will be the 8-inch guns at Fort Getty."

The Committee extended a vote of thanks to Senator Welmore. It was also voted to send to the representative council recommendations regarding the new police station.

Not to be Moved.

There is a rumor afloat that the Engineer Office is to be moved from this city to Providence. That is probably only a rumor, though. The office has been here ever since the establishment of the department, more than forty years, and this is the proper and only good location for it. Providence, of course, wants everything she can get but there are some things like 'The Old Stone Mill,' for instance, she cannot get. Newport prefers to hold on to what she has and at least compel the other party to show good reason why it should be taken away.

The marriage of Miss Katharine Frances Littlefield, daughter of Mr. George A. Littlefield of Providence, to the Rev. Kinsley Blodgett will take place in the Central Congregational Church in Providence on Monday, June 27th, at 12 o'clock noon. Miss Littlefield is well known in this city, her father, the late Mr. George A. Littlefield, having been for a number of years superintendent of schools here.

Major Edward Tucker and Ensign Hopkins of the Salvation Army headquarters in Boston will hold special meetings on Saturday at Southwick's Hall. Sunday the Major will speak at the Christian Church in Portsmouth. In the afternoon there will be a special meeting at the Bijou Theatre, and in the evening at the Second Baptist Church on Clarke street. Meetings free to all.

By the will of Miss Caroline A. Barlow of Portsmouth, who died in Boston last week, the sum of \$4000 is left to the Newport Hospital for the establishment of a free bed, and the Redwood Library of this city is given all the books in the Portsmouth house which belonged to her mother. There are also some other public bequests for institutions around Boston.

Mrs. Charles P. Williams of Stonington, Conn., died at the residence of her daughter, Mrs. George H. Warren on Ocean avenue on Tuesday, in her 73rd year. She had spent the summer at Newport with her daughter for a number of seasons, and was well known among the summer residents.

Both parties are doing considerable work toward registration and the number of names thus far added to the book is in excess of last year by a considerable number. The last day for registering is June 30, and after that date it will be too late for the non-taxpayer to qualify to vote this fall.

In responding to a still alarm Tuesday evening the chemical wagon very neatly amputated the wheel of a buggy that was standing on Thames street. There was no other damage and no one was injured. The fire was extinguished before the chemical wagon reached the scene.

Announcements have been received in this city of the marriage of Miss Ruth Peckham, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William G. Peckham, to Mr. William Homer Haskell, at Westfield, N. J., on Saturday, June 11.

St. George's Closas.

Prize Day at St. George's School was held last Saturday when there was a large attendance of relatives and friends of the boys and of the school. The principal address was delivered by Rear Admiral Charles S. Sperry, U. S. N., and Hon. Rathbone Gardner was also one of the speakers. The diplomas were presented to the members of the graduating class by Mr. George Gordon King. Most of the boys have left for their homes for the summer vacation. The June issue of the Dragon, the monthly magazine of the school, was one of the largest ever issued comprising more than 100 pages and being illustrated with many full page pictures of the various activities at the school. St. George's School has made wonderful progress under the direction of Rev. John B. Dinnau and stands in the front rank of preparatory schools in the country. Many requests have been made to increase the size of the school so as to accommodate more students, but the management prefers to keep it within such bounds that each student will be a credit to the school.

Bristed Property Sold.

Mr. James Griswold Wentz of New York, who has spent a number of summers in Newport, has purchased the Charles Astor Bristed estate, 'Fet-seck,' on Wickham and Breton roads, and will become a permanent member of the summer colony. He will prepare the place for occupancy at once and will spend the summer there. The sale was held on Monday by order of the mortgagee, the Savings Bank of Newport. Fred W. Greene was the auctioneer and the amount obtained for the property was \$27,650. It is taxed for \$45,200. There are about four and a half acres of land, with a good house and stable.

Mr. Bristed has not occupied the property for several seasons, but the house has generally been rented. Last year Mr. Ralph N. Ellis of New York occupied it, and the previous year Mr. P. F. Collier was the tenant. The house was built in 1859 by Mr. William O. Blanding of Providence.

New Chief of Engineers.

Colonel William D. Bixby, who succeeds General William L. Marshall as Chief of Engineers of the U. S. Army, is well known in Newport, having had charge of the Engineer office here some years ago. He is now the senior Colonel of Engineers and has recently been stationed at St. Louis, as President of the Mississippi river committee. Colonel Bixby comes from Massachusetts and was educated at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. From 1875 to 1879 he was a teacher at the Military Academy at West Point. In 1879 he was sent to France, where he took a course of instruction in the French national school of bridges, highways and river and harbor improvement work. He has been an officer of the Army engineering corps for 37 years, and his eminence as an engineer is recognized throughout the profession.

The Bull will case has apparently been settled out of court, for the appeal from the decision of the probate court of the town of Middletown has been withdrawn in the Superior Court. Inasmuch as this case was expected to furnish most of the business for the court this week, there has not been a great deal going on there. Another case has also been settled, the Elsey will case, and has been withdrawn from the court.

Next Sunday will be observed by members of Coronet Council, Royal Arcanum, as Arcanum Sunday, when the graves of deceased members of the order in this city will be decorated by a committee consisting of Messrs. Thomas B. Tanner, Ira W. Wilbur, Jr., and Thomas J. Potter. Two members of the Council, Thomas W. Freeborne and Benjamin Wyatt, have died during the last year.

There are two new industries threatened for Newport. It is rumored that a firm of silvermiths is contemplating the opening of an establishment here, and a firm of dealers in aeroplanes is understood to have an establishment in preparation for Newport to work in conjunction with a similar station at Narragansett Pier.

Routine business was transacted at the regular weekly meeting of the board of aldermen on Thursday evening, regular weekly bills and payrolls being approved and ordered paid. A resolution providing for the paying of city bills on the 15th of each month was laid on the table pending further consideration.

The schooner yacht Vagrant, which has been under course of construction at the Herreshoff shops in Bristol for Mr. Harold S. Vanderbilt, was successfully launched this week, and will shortly be entered in the ocean race to Bermuda.

School Committee.

At the regular monthly meeting of the school committee on Monday evening, there was an unusual amount of business to be transacted, including the retirement of a number of teachers who have served for many years in the schools. Teachers were elected for next year; a new system of writing was adopted; many other important matters were disposed of.

Contained in the report of Superintendent Lull were the following items: The total enrollment for the four weeks ending May 27, 1910, was 3677; the average belonging 3481.2; the average number attending 3227.4; the percent of attendance 92.7; the cases of tardiness 408, and the cases of dismissal 94. The total enrollment in 73 in excess of the corresponding date of last year. In the Townsend Industrial School 1237 different pupils were enrolled.

Board of Health. Since April 11 the Board of Health has reported six cases of scarlet fever. Of these three were in the public schools and eight other pupils have been excluded.

Rogers. Through the courtesy of the Women's Auxiliary of the Massachusetts Civil Service Reform Association, the members of the American history class of grade XII have received copies of the 'Primer of the Civil Service and the Merit System' and this school has been made a depository for the publications of the auxiliary.

On June 2 the chorus of the Rogers gave Gail's 'The Holy City' to a very enthusiastic audience. The chorus was indebted to five former members of the school for help in the solo parts—Mrs. King, Misses Leonard and Ferda, Messrs. Luther and Marden.

Labor Certificates.

The new law which goes into effect January 1, 1911, makes the following new requirements: 'Such certificate shall state that said child is able to read at sight and write legibly simple sentences in the English language and that there is reason to believe that said child is healthy and physically able to perform the work which he or she intends to do.' Although the new conditions will have practically no effect in Newport, they mark a decided step in advance. There will probably be some difference of opinion in interpreting 'simple.' It might have been well to give some grade of the school or some standard readers as a basis.

The report of Trust Officer Topham.

Number of cases investigated (reported by teachers), 265; number of cases of truancy (public, 31; parochial, 19), 50; number out for illness and other causes, 210; number of different children truant, 35; number found not attending school, 6; number of certificates issued (14-16 years), 8; number of certificates issued to children over 15 years of age, under factory inspection law, 6. The boy whose name was presented for prosecution at your last meeting will probably have to be prosecuted, as he is not doing much better.

Mr. Peckham presented the monthly report of the finance committee, and also reported, for the same committee that contracts for furnishing coal had been awarded to the Pinniger and Manchester Co., and for wood to the Abram Almy Co., the lowest bidders in both cases. On recommendation of the committee on text books it was voted to make certain changes in the books used in German, chemistry, English composition, and grammar. It was also voted to adopt the Palmer system of writing in grades I-VII.

The report of the committee on open air school provoked a long discussion, the report being presented by Dr. Darrach, containing the following recommendations:

First—That a fresh air school be opened in the southeast room on the first floor of the Clarke School (the former private office of this department.)

Second—That the two south windows be lowered to the floor, seven-foot doors with glass panels be provided in place of the windows, movable transoms be inserted over doors to fill the remaining space, and a piazza be built from the southeast corner to the present steps and landing, and of the same width as the landing.

It was explained that the school would not be for tuberculous children, and that none such would be admitted, but it is for delicate and backward children. The plan is to serve nourishment to the pupils, in addition to the fresh air, and to provide them with sacks. The report was amended by stating that the school is not for tuberculous cases, and then was adopted, the committee on buildings being instructed to make the necessary changes.

Mr. Thomas Lucas appeared before the board and suggested that the committee take steps to prevent the erection of a storehouse by the Denbiston Company on Elm street near the school building. There was some discussion of the matter, and the committee voted that a building of this character is detrimental to the school, the action of the board to be communicated to the owner by the secretary.

There was a long talk over the prices charged against out of town pupils for tuition. Figures were presented showing that Newport's prices are remarkably low and also below the actual cost to the city. Mr. Lull and Mr. Thompson had gone over the High School figures carefully and found that the actual cost is \$75, while the amount charged is only \$68. It was also suggested that the grammar rates be raised from \$20 to \$32, the primary from \$12 to \$24, and the kindergarten from \$8 to \$10. The matter was referred to the committee on finance with power to fix the rates. The school calendar for next year was fixed as follows: School year begins September 12; ends June 23. Vacations: October 12, Columbus day; October 27-28, Teachers' Institute; November 24-25, Thanksgiving; December 20-January 1, Christmas. February 22-24, Washington's birthday and extra days; April 14-21, Easter recess; May 30, Decoration day.

Recent Deaths.

John Austin Stevens.

Mr. John Austin Stevens, one of Newport's most prominent citizens and in his younger days a power in national and international affairs, died at his home on Rhode Island avenue on Thursday after a long illness from disease incident to old age. He was in his eighty-fourth year and had been in failing health for a long time.

Mr. Stevens was a man of brilliant intellect, of splendid education, and was thoroughly versed in the affairs of the world. For many years he was an imposing figure in New York and elsewhere, being possessed of great activity and with a mind trained to meet the exigencies of the moment as they arose. During the Civil War he was one of the foremost of New York's citizens in promoting the welfare of the Union, bearing far more than his share of the burdens of that troubled time.

He occupied a high position in financial circles, being secretary of the New York Chamber of Commerce during the period of the Civil War. In politics he was a staunch Republican, being one of the men who took part in the formation of the Republican party and being intensely active in the New York campaign for the election of Abraham Lincoln in 1860. He was one of the first to recognize the capability and strength of character of the uncouth Western lawyer, and his services helped in no small degree to bring about his election as President.

Mr. Stevens was born in New York on January 21, 1827, the only son of John Austin and Abby (Weld) Stevens. He was graduated from Harvard in the class of 1846, and for the next fifteen years was engaged in business in New York. After the close of the Civil War he went abroad and resided there for a number of years, being in France at the time of the fall of the French empire and the troubled scenes that followed. In 1870 he returned to New York to live, and continued to take an active part in the affairs of the day. He was for some time librarian of the New York Historical Society and always took a deep interest in historical matters and the commemoration of historic events. He had published a number of authoritative works on historical, biographical, and other subjects, his style being fluent and interesting. He was a frequent contributor to many publications.

About twenty years ago, Mr. Stevens became a resident of Newport, his home 'Pleasure' on Rhode Island avenue becoming the center of a circle of men and women of unusual intellect. He is survived by a widow, who was Miss Margaret A. Morris, daughter of Mr. William Lewis Morris. Two daughters, Miss Mary Morris and Miss Abby W., also survive him.

Miss Anne Flower Paul.

Miss Anne Flower Paul, who had been a summer resident of Newport for many years, died at her home on Washington street on Wednesday after a considerable illness. Soon after arriving here for the summer she was taken ill, and was removed to the Newport Hospital in the hope that an operation might afford relief. As the attending physicians did not deem it advisable to operate and as there was little chance for her recovery she was taken back to her home where she preferred to end her days. She suffered but little but failed steadily.

Should Come Down.

A brief filed with the state railroad commission by Chicago Association of Commerce asking that express rates be reduced one-third charges concerted action by express companies in defiance of the Sherman law in increasing rates; that rates out of Chicago have been advanced 70 per cent. in two years; and that express companies are dominated by railroads. This city and state should file similar protests. The express rates to and from this city are simply astronomical.

One good effect of the wet weather of the spring and early summer has been the present appearance of the grass and foliage. Everything looks lush and green, but the growers of small fruits are hoping for a little more warm sunshine to ripen the crops. The strawberries in particular need the sun and it will very soon be too late for it to do any good to them.

The New Haven Company have begun the work of double tracking its line from Fall River to Warren. It is expected that the job will be completed in the fall. The road will then be double-tracked all the way from Fall River to Providence. Let us hope that there may be an occasional fast train between these two cities.

Mr. John H. Sanborn, Jr., is ill at the residence of his father, Dr. John H. Sanborn, on Malbone avenue. Mr. Sanborn was taken ill in Fall River and was brought home for treatment.

Miss Marguerite Pierson, daughter of General and Mrs. J. Fred Pierson of New York and Newport, was married to Mr. George Huntington Hull, Jr., in New York on Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward R. Thomas are expected to spend the summer in Newport this year, and their cottage on Bellevue avenue will soon be opened.

The marriage of Mr. John D. Richardson and Mrs. Fannie B. Easton took place on Thursday, Rev. W. S. Jones performing the ceremony.

Mrs. Joseph Bradford is visiting in Stamford, Conn., and will attend the wedding of her granddaughter, Miss Helen Wardwell.

Mr. James F. Marden is suffering from an attack of typhoid fever, but the disease seems to be in a light form.

Commodore Eldridge T. Gerry and family have arrived at 'Seaverge' for the season.

Mrs. Harwood E. Read has as her guest her niece, Miss Thompson of Brooklyn.

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Miss Paul's home was at Chestnut Hill, Philadelphia. She was a daughter of the late William Paul of Philadelphia who spent his summers in Newport until his death. She was well known here, and was an active worker in St. John's Church, in St. Barnabas' Guild for Nurses, and in other helpful activities. She was very fond of her Newport home and spent a large part of each year here.

Miss Paul was head of the Mothers Meeting connected with the Zabriskie Memorial Church, the last meeting of the year of this society being held on Wednesday, at which time Miss Paul sent ice cream and cake and a letter, which was read by Miss Hannah Wilbour, thanking the society for some flowers they had sent her since her illness, and stating that while she was unable to be with them, her thoughts would be there. It was while partaking of her hospitality in the guild hall that news reached them that she had quietly passed away. It proved a sad ending to the meeting and all the members were deeply affected.

Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont and other suffragettes have been sued by a shirt waist manufacturer on the ground that their aid, both moral and financial, to the striking girls in his establishment ruined his business. The damages are placed at \$50,000.

Rev. Arthur Osborne Pritchard of Scarsdale, N. Y., has been the guest of his father, Mr. George A. Pritchard, in Newport this week.



The Stowaway
By **LOUIS TRACY**
Author of the "Pillar of Light,"
"The Wings of the Morning,"
and "The Captain of the Kansas."

CHAPTER XVII.

A COUP OF THE NAPOLEONIC ORDER.

CARMELA went back to a household that paid scant heed to her screaming. Dom Corria was there, barked, his gorgeous uniform sword slashed and blood spattered. General Russo, too, was beating his capacious chest and shouting:

"God's bones! Let us make a fight of it!"

A sprinkling of soldiers, all dismounted cavalry or gunners, a few disheveled officers, had accompanied De Silva in his flight. With reckless bravery he and Russo had tried to rally the troops camped at headquarters. It was a hopeless effort. Half breeds can never produce a military caste. They may fight valiantly in the line of battle—they will not face the unknown, the terrible, the harpies that come at night, borne on the hurricane wings of panic. Unhappily De Silva and his bodyguard were the messengers of their own disaster. The cowardly genius at Pesqueira had planned a surprise. He would not lead it, of course, but in Dom Miguel Barraca he found an eager substitute. It was a coup of the Napoleonic order. An infantry attack along the entire front of the Liberationist position, cloaked the launching against the center of a formidable body of cavalry. The project was to thrust this lance into the rebel position, probe it thoroughly, as a surgeon explores a gunshot wound, and extract the offender in the guise of Dom Corria.

The scheme had proved eminently successful. The Liberationists were crumpled up, and here was Dom Corria making his last stand.

He deserved better luck, for he was magnificent in failure. Calm as ever, he tried to be shot or captured when the reserves in camp failed him. Russo, and the rest dragged him onward by main force.

"They want me only," he urged. "My death will end a useless struggle. I shall die a little later, when many more of my friends are killed. Why not die now?"

"They would not listen. 'It is night,' they cried. 'The enemy's horses are spent. A determined stand may give us another chance.'"

But it was a forlorn hope. As San Benavides lurched into the patio the horses of the first pursuing detachment strained up the slope between the house and encampment.

Carmela, all her life gone, the pallid ghost of the vengeful woman who would have shattered her lover's skull were the revolver loaded, was the first to see him. She actually crouched in terror. Her tongue was parched. If she uttered some low cry none heard her.

Dom Corria, striving to dispose his meager garrison as best he could, met his trusted lieutenant. His face lit with joy.

"Ah, my poor Salvador!" he cried. "I thought we had lost you at the ford!"

"No," said San Benavides. "I ran away!"

Even in his dire extremity De Silva smiled.

"Would that others had run like you, my Salvador!" he said. "Then we should have been in Pernambuco tomorrow."

The Brazilian looked around. His eye dwelt heedlessly on the cowering Carmela. He was searching for Iris, who had been compelled by Coke and Bulmer and her uncle to take shelter behind the score of sailors who still remained at Las Flores.

"It is true nevertheless," he said ironically. "I knew the game was lost, so I came here to try to save a lady."

"Ah—our Carmela? You thought of her?"

"No!"

Then the spell passed from Carmela. She literally threw herself on her lover.

"Yes, it is true!" she shrieked. "He came to save me, but I preferred to die here—with you, father, and with him."

Dom Corria did not understand these fireworks, but he had no time for thought. Bullets were crashing through the closed venetians. Light they must have or the defense would become an orgy of self destruction, yet light was their most dangerous foe when men were shooting from the somber depths of the trees.

The assailants were steadily closing around the house. Their rifles covered every door and window. Each minute brought up fresh bands in tens and twenties. At last Barraca himself arrived. Some members of his staff made a hasty survey of the situation. There were some 300 men available, and in all probability Dom Corria could not muster one-sixth of that number. It was a crisis that called for vigor. The cavalry lance was twenty miles from its base, and there was no knowing what accident might reunite the scattered Liberationists. One column at least of the Nationalists had failed to keep its rendezvous or this last desperate stand at Las Flores would have proved a sheer impossibility.

So the house must be rushed, no

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matter what the cost. This was a war of leaders. Let Dom Corria fall and his most enthusiastic supporters would pay Dom Miguel's taxes without further parley. A scheme of concerted action was hastily arranged. Simultaneously five detachments swarmed against the chosen points of assault. One crossed the patio to the porch, another made for the stable entrance, a third attacked the garden door, a fourth assailed the servants' quarters, and the fifth, strongest of all and inspired by Dom Miguel's presence, battered in the shutters and tore away the piled up furniture of the ballroom.

The Nationalist leader's final order was terse:

"Spare the women; shoot every rebel; do not touch the foreigners unless they resist!"

With yells of "Abajo De Silva!" "Morto por revoltados!" the assailants closed in. Neither side owned magazine rifles, so the fight was with machetes, swords and bayonets when the first furious hail of lead had spent itself. No man thought of quarter now. When 200 desperadoes met fifty of like caliber in a hand-to-hand conflict, when the 300 men to end the business and the fifty knew that they must die, fighting for choice, but die in any event, the resultant encounter will surely be both fierce and brief.

By one of those queer chances which sometimes decide the hazard between life and death the window nearest that end of the room where the sailors strove to protect a few shrieking women had not been broken in. Here, then, was a tiny bay of refuge. From it the men of the Andromeda and the Unser Fritz, Bulmer, Verity, Iris and such of the Brazilian ladies as had not fled to the upper rooms at the initial volley looked out on an amazing butchery. De Silva, no longer young and never a robust man, had been dragged from mortal peril many times by his devoted adherents. Carmela had snatched a machete from the fingers of a dying soldier and was fighting like one possessed of a fiend.

Once when a combined rush drove the defenders nearly on top of the non-combatants Iris would have striven to draw the half-demented girl into the little haven with the other women.

But Coke thrust her back, shouting: "Leave 'er alone! She'll set about you if you touch her!"

Dickey Bulmer, too, who was displaying a fortitude hardly to be expected in a man of his years and habits, thought that interference was useless.

"Let 'er do what she can," he said. "She doesn't know what is 'appenin' now. If she was only watchin' she'd be a ravin' lunatic. God 'elp us all! We've got ourselves into a nice mess!"

But if Dickey Bulmer's simple words exalted him into the kingdom of the heroic David Verity occupied a lower plane. Prayers and curses alternated on his lips. He was stupefied with fear.

A tall, distinguished looking man, wearing a brilliant uniform, his breast decorated with many orders, now appeared on the scene. He shouted something, and the attacking force redoubled its efforts. He raised a revolver and took deliberate aim at Dom Corria. Coke saw him, and his bullet dog pluck combined with avarice to overcome his common sense. Without thought of the consequences he sprang into the swaying mob and pulled De Silva aside. A bullet smashed into the wall behind them.

"Look out, mister!" he bellowed. "Ere's a blighter 'oo wants to finish you quick!"

De Silva's glance sought his adversary. He produced a revolver which hitherto had remained hidden in a pocket. Perhaps his bullets were not meant for an enemy. He fired at the tall man. A violent swerve of the two irregular ranks of soldiers screened each from the other.

An opening offered, and the man who had singled out Dom Corria for his special vengeance fired again. The bullet struck Coke in the breast. The valiant little skipper staggered and sank to the floor. His fiery eyes gazed up into Verity's.

"Damn it! I ain't killed!" he roared, his voice loud and harsh, as if he were giving some command from the bridge in a gale of wind.

David dropped to his knees. "For Gawd's sake, Jimmie!" he moaned.

"Yes, I've got it. Save me damn well right now! No business to go agin' me own poor old ship. Look 'ere, Verity, I'm done for! If you get away from this rotten mess see to my missus an' the girls. If you don't—blast you!"

HE PULLED DE SILVA ASIDE.

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"Damn it! I ain't killed!" he roared, his voice loud and harsh, as if he were giving some command from the bridge in a gale of wind.

"Fire!" shouted a strong English voice from without. A withering volley crashed through the open windows. Full twenty of the assailants fell. Dom Miguel de Barraca among them. There was an instant of terrible silence, as between the shocks of an earthquake.

"Now, come on!" shouted the same voice, and Philip Hozier rushed into the ballroom, followed by his scouts and a horde of Brazilian regulars. No one not actually an eyewitness of that thrilling spectacle would believe that a fight waged with such determined malevolence could stop so suddenly as did that fray in Las Flores. It was true now as ever that men of a mixed race cannot withstand the unforeseen. Dom Miguel fallen and his cohorts decimated by the leader storm that tore in at them from an unexpected quarter, the rest fled without another blow. They raced madly for their horses, to find that every tethered group was in the hands of this new contingent. Then the darkness swallowed them. Dom Miguel's cavalry was disbanded.

At once the melody within died down. Men had no words as yet to meet this astounding development. Dom Corria went to where his rival lay. Dom Miguel was dying. His eyes met De Silva's in a strange look of recognition. He tried to speak, but choked and died.

Then the living president stooped over the dead one. He murmured something. Those near thought afterward that he said:

"Is it worth it? Who knows?"

But he was surely president now. Seldom have power and place been more hardly won.

His quiet glance sought Philip. "Thank you, Mr. Hozier," he said. "All Brazil is your debtor. As for me, I can never repay you. I owe you my life, the lives of my daughter and of many of my friends and the success of my cause."

Philip heard him as in a dream. He was looking at Iris. Her eyes were shining, her lips parted, yet she did not come to him. By her side was standing a white haired old man, an Englishman, a stranger. Bending over Coke and wringing his hands in incoherent sorrow was another elderly Briton. A fear that Philip had never before known gripped his heartstrings now. He was pale and stern, and his forehead was seamed with foreboding.

"Who is that with Miss Yorke?" he said to Dom Corria.

The president had a rare knack of answering a straight question in a straight way.

"A Mr. Bulmer, I am told," he said.

CHAPTER XVIII.

WHEREIN THE PRESIDENT PRESIDES.

BEFORE the exciting story so rudely interrupted is resumed it may be well to set down in their sequence the queer workings of fortune which led to Philip's timely reappearance at Las Flores.

His troop of scouts consisted of twenty-eight men. Five were sailors and firemen from the Andromeda; three were Germans from the Unser Fritz. But the whole eight were ex-soldiers, and one man at arms trained on the European model is worth ten of the Brazilian product. The remaining twenty were hillmen, good riders, excellent shots and acquainted with every yard of the wild country within a radius of a hundred miles. They would fight anybody if well led, and here it may be observed that when Philip called on them to storm the ballroom he said "Come on!" between which curt command and its congener, "Go on!" these half breed warriors drew a fine distinction. The language difficulty was surmounted partly by an interpreter in the person of one of the Germans, who spoke English and had lived in Bahia, partly by signs and largely by Philip's methods as a leader.

He never asked his men to do anything that he did not do himself, and they were never dubious as to his tactics, since he invariably closed with any Nationalist detachment met during the day's operations.

About midday, then, they came upon the advance guard of a column sent off a week earlier by the expert at Pesqueira with instructions to arrive at Las Flores before sunset that very day. Instantly the twenty-nine charged. With equal celerity the advance guard bolted. From the crest of a rocky pass Philip looked down on a column of fully a thousand men. The situation was critical. It called for prompt handling. Five men held the horses, twenty-three spread themselves among the rocks, Philip unslinging his carbine, and twenty-four rifles indulged in long range practice on a narrow mountain path crowded with men and animals.

Nothing more was needed. It has been noted already that the Brazilians disliked long range shooting. There was a stampede. The scouts occupied the ridge until sundown and were returning leisurely to report the presence of the column when they fell in with the first batch of fugitives from the valley. Forthwith Philip became a general and each scout an officer. They reasoned and whacked the runaways into obedience, picked up quite a number of men who were willing enough to fight if told what was expected of them, and the rest was a matter of simple strategy such as Macanby's schoolboy would exhibit in the escalation of a snow fort. But it was a near thing. Five minutes later and Hozier might have seized the presidency himself.

And now as to the night and the next day.

Russo and his diminished staff took Philip's little army as a nucleus. Brazil had duly elected Dom Corria, as provided by the statute, and the news spread like wildfire. Before morning the Liberationists were 10,000 strong. Before night closed the roads again the Pesqueira genius wrote to Dom Corria under a flag of truce and pointed out that he served the president, not any crank who said he was president, but the honored individual in whom the people of Brazil placed their trust. Dom Corria replied in felicitous terms, and as the newspapers say, the incident ended. The navy sulked for

awhile, because it held that Russo's treatment of the Andromeda was not cricket or baseball or whatsoever game appeals most to the Brazilian sportsman. It was not even professional football, it said, but an acrimonious discussion was closed by a strong hint from the treasury that pay day might be postponed indefinitely if too much were made of a regrettable accident to the guns of the Maclellan artillery.

Meanwhile Dom Corria, the man who did not forget, was puzzled by two circumstances not of national importance. San Benavides, never a demonstrative lover, where Carmela was concerned, was a changed man. He was severely wounded during the fight, and Carmela nursed him assiduously, but there could be no doubt that he was under her thumb and would remain there. Her intentions were subtle, but unmistakable. Carmela, even announced the date of their marriage.

Dom Corria remembered, of course, what San Benavides and his daughter had said when they all met in the ballroom. It seemed to him that Salvador was telling the truth and that Carmela was abiding on that occasion. But he let well enough alone. It was good for Salvador that he should obey Carmela. He blessed them and remarked that a really "snazzy" wedding would be just the thing to inaugurate the new reign at Rio de Janeiro.

He was far more perplexed by the untimely wrath of Philip Hozier. He thought of it for at least five minutes next morning. Then he sought Dickey Bulmer, who had just quitted Coke's bedroom and was examining the rare shrubs that bordered the lawn.

"What news of that brave man?" asked Dom Corria, and his deep voice vibrated with real feeling.

"First rate, sir," said Dickey. "The bullet is extracted, and the doctor says 'ell soon be all right. Leastways, that's what Iris tells me. I can't talk Portuguese myself, an' pore old Jimmie's langwidge ain't fit to be repeated."

The president laughed. "He is what you call a bundle of contradictions, eh—a rough fellow with the heart of a bull? But he saved my life, and that naturally counts for a good deal with me. And how is your niece after last night's terrible experience?"

"My niece? D're mean Iris?" demanded Bulmer, obviously somewhat annoyed.

"Yes."

"She's not my niece. She's—"

"Your granddaughter, then?"

"No, sir. That young lady 'as done me the honor of promisin' to be my wife."

"Oh!" said Dom Corria, fixing his brilliant eyes on Bulmer's veiled face. "There's no 'all' about it," growled Dickey. "It was all out at dried weeks ago, an' she 'asn't rued of 'er bargain yet, as far as I can make out."

"You mean that the marriage was arranged before the Andromeda sailed?" said Dom Corria gently.

"W'y, of course. It couldn't very well be fixed after, could it?"

"No—not as between you and her. I can vouch for that. Forgive me, Mr. Bulmer. I have a daughter of marriageable age, you know, and I speak as a parent. Do you think that it is a wise thing for a man of your years to marry a girl of twenty?"

"If I didn't I wouldn't do it."

"But may it not be selfish?"

Then downright Lancashire took hold of the argument.

"Look 'ere! Wat are you drivin' at?" demanded Dickey, now in a white heat of anger. He had yet to learn that the president preferred a straightforward way of talking.

"I want you to forego this marriage," he said.

"Why?"

"Because that charming girl loves another man, but feels that she is bound to you. I understand the position at last. Mr. Bulmer, you cannot wish to break her heart and drive that fine young fellow, Philip Hozier, to despair. Come, now! Let you and me reason this thing together. Possibly when she agreed to marry you she did not know what love was. She is high minded, an idealist, the soul of honor. What other woman would have consented to be separated from her friends on Fernando Noronha merely because it increased their meager chances of safety? How few women, loving a man like Philip Hozier, who is assured of a splendid reward for his services to this state, would resolutely deny the claims of her own heart in order to keep her word?"

Bulmer had never heard any one speak with the crystal directness of Dom Corria. Each word chipped away some part of the fence which he had deliberately erected around his own intelligence. Certain facts had found crevices in the barrier already. Dom Corria broke down whole sections. But he was a hard man and stubborn, and his heart was set on Iris.

"You are mighty sure she is wrapped up in this young spark?" he growled.

"Were I not I would not have interfered. Take my advice. First ask the girl. She will answer. I promise you that."

"I'm a rich man," persisted Dickey.

"Yes."

"Nobody forced 'er one way or the other."

"Possibly. One wonders, though, why she hid herself on the Andromeda."

"It's true, I tell you. David said—"

move to the capital when Iris ran into them. Her face was flushed, and she had been crying. Much to Carmela's amazement, the English girl clasped her round the neck and kissed her.

"Tell your father, my dear, that he has been very good to me," she whispered again, and she hurried away.

"Excellent!" said the president. "That old man is a gentleman. His friend is not. Yet they are very much alike in other respects. Odd thing! Carmela, cara, can you spare a few minutes from your invalid?"

"Yes, father."

"Go, then, and find that young Englishman, Philip Hozier. Tell him that the engagement between Miss Yorke and Mr. Bulmer is broken off."

Carmela's black eyes sparkled. That wayward blood of hers surged in her veins, but Dom Corria's calm glance dwelt on her, and the spasm passed.

"Yes, father," she said dutifully. He stroked his chin as he went out to pronounce a funeral oration on those who had fallen during the fight.

"I think," said he reflectively—"I think that Carmela dislikes that girl. I wonder why."

Philip had never, to his knowledge, seen the Senhora de Silva. It was therefore something more than a surprise, when the willow faced, willowy girl, black haired, black eyed and most demure of manner, whom he remembered to have met in the gateway of Las Flores early on the previous day, came to his tent and asked for him.

She introduced herself, and Philip was most polite.

"My father sent me"—she began.

"I ought to have waited on the president," he said, seeing that she hesitated, "but several of my men are wounded, and we have so few doctors."

"Dom Corria is a good doctor himself," she said.

"His skill will be much appreciated in Brazil at the present moment," said he, rather bewildered.

"He mends broken hearts," she persisted.

"Ah, a healer, indeed!" but he frowned a little.

"He is in demand today. He asked me to tell you of one most successful operation. The—er—the engagement between Miss Iris Yorke—is that the name—and Mr. Mr.—dear me—"

"Bulmer," scowled Philip, a block of ice in the warm air of Brazil.

"Yes, that is it. Well, it is ended. She is free—for a little while."

There was a curious bleaching of Philip's weather tanned face. It touched a cord in Carmela's impulsive nature.

"It is all right," she nodded. "You can go to her."

She left him there, more shaken than he had ever been by thunderous sea or screaming bullet.

Visiting the sick is one of the Christian virtues, so Philip visited Coke.

Iris had just finished writing a letter, partly dictated and much altered in style, to Mrs. James Coke, Sea View, Ocean road, Birkenhead, when a gentle tap brought her to the door. She opened it. Her wrist was seized, and she was drawn into the corridor. She had no option in the matter. The tall young man who held her wrist proceeded to squeeze the breath out of her, but she was growing so accustomed to deeds of violence, that she did not even scream.

"There is a British chaplain at Pernambuco," was Philip's incoherent remark.

"I must ask my uncle!" she gasped.

"No. Leave that to me. No man living shall say 'Yes' or 'No' to me where you are concerned, Iris."

"Do not be hard with him, Philip, dear. He was always good to me, and—and—I have grown a wee bit afraid of you."

"Afraid!"

"Yes. You are so much older, so much sterner, than when you and I looked at the Southern Cross together from the bridge of the Andromeda."

"I was a boy then, Iris. I am a man now. I have fought and loved and suffered. And what of you, dear heart? We went through the furnace hand in hand. What of the girl who has come forth a woman?"

When Coke was pronounced fit for comfortable travel David Verity and Dickey Bulmer conveyed him home. They took with them drafts on a London bank for amounts that satisfied every sort of claim for the sinking of the Andromeda. Judged by the compensation given to the vessel's survivors, there could be no doubt that the dependents of the men who lost their lives would be well provided for.

At odd moments David and Dickey Bulmer discussed the partnership. The young people would be home in two months, and then Philip was to come into the business.

"We're growing old, David," said Dickey. "I've got plenty of money, an'

CONTINUED ON PAGE THREE.

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Saturday, June 13, 1910.

The present Congress has passed 5,000 pension and war claim bills and about one thousand other bills.

It is currently reported that summer is on its way here. In the language of Patrick Henry, "Let it come."

The Secretary of War has ordered Sunday ball playing at Fort Preble, Portland Harbor, to be stopped. Probably a similar order will be issued to all army posts.

A physician claims that with the advance in medical science a man should live 120 years. This would give Bryan a chance to make twelve or fifteen more attempts to be President.

It is expected that the order of M. C. D. Borden to close all the mills of his Fall River Iron Works Co. plant will be followed by a material extension of curtailment by other mills.

The President wants to go to Beverly, Senator Aldrich wants to go fishing, and some three hundred Congressmen want to go to "fence repairing," and then people want a rest.

By her obnoxious taxation laws Massachusetts has driven from the state many millions of corporation money. It is to be hoped that Rhode Island will not follow her vicious example.

The N. Y. Herald says Theodore Roosevelt's only political speech in the approaching campaign will be delivered in Massachusetts, in behalf of Senator Henry Cabot Lodge, a candidate for election to fourth term.

The districting committee is nearly through with its work as far as the dividing of the State into one hundred representative districts is concerned. There will be considerable work to be done in changing the election laws to conform to the new order of things.

The bill providing that deposits in excess of \$1,000 in savings departments of trust companies and savings banks shall be taxed as personal property was passed by the Massachusetts Legislature this week. It does not look as though our Massachusetts neighbors would let anything escape the tax collector.

Congress hopes to adjourn by June 25, and by July 1st at the latest. Let us hope that its hope will not be a hopeless desire. If there is anything that the country needs just now it is that our national law makers shall cease from their labors for a brief season and a longer one would be entirely acceptable.

Foster's weather forecast for the summer is not very encouraging to us in Newport. He says that every part of the country will be dry except the Atlantic coast and there there will be a superabundance of rain. We can get along without rain for quite some time now. Let us hope that Foster may be proved wrong in one instance at least.

The question of who made hell, discussed on Sunday at the Odeon, was not answered so clearly as to relieve any man of responsibility for his own.

St. Louis Globe-Democrat.
If all reports that come from the section of the country represented by the Globe-Democrat are true, then it is evident that the denizens of that region are raising considerable of that commodity even if they did not make it.

It is said a Pennsylvania Railroad representative will not be elected to the New Haven directorate to fill the vacancy caused by the death of J. H. Whittemore until the New Haven officials have ascertained whether the addition of a Pennsylvania Railroad man would be considered out of harmony with New Haven's legislative promise to make the road as much as possible a Massachusetts corporation.

Despite increased industrial use of motor trucks and automobiles in last 10 years, demand for horses has largely exceeded supply. Horse population in United States in 1900 was 14,000,000; in 1909, 30,000,000; an increase over 100 per cent. Average value per horse in 1900 was \$14.61; in 1909, \$95.54; an increase per head over 100 per cent. Total value of horses in United States in 1900 was \$1,000,000,000; in 1909 \$3,000,000,000, an increase of 200 per cent.

New Haven's New Move.

The New Haven Railroad people have applied to the Massachusetts railroad commissioners for permission to extend their line from Southbridge to Palmer. This is supposed to be a move on the part of the New Haven people to head off the Grand Trunk from coming into Providence. The New Haven road would have a great advantage over the Grand Trunk if this extension is built. The distance from Southbridge to Palmer is less than a quarter the distance the Grand Trunk will have to build to get from Palmer to Providence, and the New Haven will also gain a much shorter route to Providence. The piece of road for the New Haven people to build is so short and so easy to construct that the wonder is that it has not been done ages ago. The matter comes up for a hearing before the Massachusetts railroad commissioners on June 29.

Automobiles Responsible.

One of the leading Boston bankers in discussing the financial outlook taken occasion to pay his respects to the automobile problem in this country. He says: "While I do not like to appear pessimistic, I must say that I think this year will see the beginning of the end of the automobile craze. In my opinion it is the bicycle business all over again except that the amount of capital involved is from 10 to 80 times greater. For example, in the early days a bicycle cost \$150 and anybody could make a lot of money manufacturing them at those figures. With automobiles from \$1600 to \$5000 the same thing is true, and the result is that a lot of mushroom concerns have sprung up, especially in the middle West, to make automobiles which are being sold to a lot of people who cannot afford them. They mortgage their house or anything else they have on which money can be raised, and the banks are consequently asked to make a good many loans, the cause of which is the automobile. Furthermore, I understand that there is a very large call on insurance companies at present for loans on policies, probably for the same reason."

"A good deal of money is therefore tied up in automobiles, but that is not the root of the evil. From an economic standpoint the trouble is that money spent for an automobile immediately becomes non-productive, and furthermore not only does it cease working for the automobile owner, but it dwindles every year as his car gets older. Millions of dollars within a few years will represent nothing but junk in the shape of old automobiles. If this money were going into business, the situation would be entirely different."

"The American people do not yet realize what this automobile problem means, but they will some day. It is one of the biggest questions that we have had to settle for a long while, and I believe the day of reckoning will come sooner than expected."

Insurgency Rabukad.

Wisconsin repeats the story told by Pennsylvania and Iowa. In the Republican State Convention in Milwaukee last week President Taft was endorsed, the Payne-Aldrich tariff act was praised, and a stalwart party deliverance was framed. This action is significant. Wisconsin is the state of Senator La Follette and Representative Leconte. It is the birthplace and radiating center of insurgency. In La Follette took to the warpath against the Republican party earlier than did Senator Cummins, and long before Senator Dolliver or Representative Murdock. For more than half a dozen years he has been called a Bryan Republican. Bryan, in 1908 and earlier, claimed La Follette as a Jeffersonian Democrat, which means a Democrat who stands for the facts which were engrafted on the Democratic creed in 1896, 1900 and 1908. It has been assumed that La Follette controlled the State. But the Wisconsin Republicans have just repudiated La Follette, Bryan and their socialistic and populist follies. The St. Louis Globe-Democrat says: "Iowa and Wisconsin have set the seal of their approval on what the insurgents have called 'Aldrichism,' 'Taftism' and 'Cumminism.'" These epithets are marks of commendation, as shown by the Republicans of the States which have just passed upon them. Not even in the locality where it was generated is insurgency any longer a menace. The Republican flag still waves triumphantly."

New York Yacht Club.

Commodore Arthur Curtis James has issued his orders for the annual regatta of the New York Yacht Club, and has prepared for a longer stay of the fleet in Newport than is usual. The schedule of the cruise is as follows:

The squadron will rendezvous off station No. 10, Glen Cove, at noon on Thursday, August 4, squadron run, Glen Cove to Huntington.
Captains will report on board the flagship, at 5 p. m.
Reception on board the flagship at 9 p. m.
Friday, August 5, squadron run, Huntington to New London.
Saturday, August 6, squadron run, New London to Newport.
Sunday, August 7, at Newport. The squadron will dress ship at morning colors.
Monday, August 8, squadron run, Newport to Vineyard Haven.
Tuesday, August 9, squadron run, Vineyard Haven to New Bedford.
Wednesday, August 10, squadron run, New Bedford to Newport.
Thursday, August 11, at Newport. Races for Astor cups.
Friday, August 12, at Newport. Race for the King's Cup. The squadron will illuminate at 9 p. m.
Saturday, August 13. The squadron will be disbanded.

Mills in Rhode Island are beginning to follow those in Fall River and elsewhere and curtail expenses. The Knights, employing 5,000 people, are to close down two days a week and more are to follow suit.

Mrs. Fannie G. Dwyer, formerly of this city, died at her home in Providence on Thursday after a long illness.

Old Nurse (to newly married couple after viewing the wedding presents).—Well, my dears, you ought to be very happy. There isn't a thing amongst 'em as a pawnbroker wouldn't be pleased to handle.—Punch.

Mother (visiting son at preparatory school).—"Well, my darling! Son—" "I say, mother, don't look so glumly pleased before all these fellows."—Punch.

Washington Matters.

Serious Contemplation of a Plan to Erect a Government Cold Storage Warehouse in Washington to Circumvent the Meat Trust—Would also be Valuable for Experimental Purposes.—Notes.

Washington, D. C., June 16, 1910. (From Our Regular Correspondent.)
Hon. E. C. Stanley, a member of Congress from Kentucky, has presented a unique bill in Congress. It is to provide a government cold storage plant in Washington. He insists that such a plant will more than pay for itself in saving the government thousands of dollars yearly. Dr. Wiley, the distinguished government chemist and advocate of the pure food laws, expresses his approval of the Stanley bill. He says a government ice house will result in better provision for the army and navy and cut off the enormous profits of the meat trusts. A cold storage plant built by the government according to the statement of this bill, will cost a million and half and it is provided that the Secretary of the Treasury shall buy a site and proceed at once to build a model storage house for meats, butter, vegetables and such other foods as are issued to the army and naval forces of the United States. The bill has another purpose in that it will give the government a chance to study and learn the cost of keeping perishable foods in a healthful condition without taking the evidence of interested and prejudiced men in the employ of the trusts. Moreover it will save thousands yearly by supplying food to the army and navy and to the Soldiers' Home situated in Washington and to other soldiers' homes in different parts of the country. In his argument in favor of the bill, Representative Stanley says that the most odious and oppressive of all trusts is the food trust, and he points out that although the cold storage men project that charges of exorbitant prices with which they are indicted have been disproved, it is universally believed that cold storage in the hands of the trusts is one of the main causes of high prices of foods.

Representative Stanley and Dr. Wiley have been in correspondence. In recent letter to Dr. Wiley, Mr. Stanley asked his opinion with reference to the feasibility and advantages of the cold storage plant. In this letter he said: "It is certain that cold storage men are in the habit of keeping meat and other foods long after they cease to be wholesome. The government experiences great difficulty in obtaining accurate information and must necessarily depend upon expert statements of interested parties." In replying to this letter, Dr. Wiley said: "In regard to the subject of a cold storage plant in Washington, in so far as facilitating our investigations on the storage of food, is concerned, I am free to say it would be of the greatest advantage. A government 'ice-house' which could collaborate with us in securing definite degrees of refrigeration would be advantageous." Dr. Wiley declared that cattle are sold from his farm near Washington and bought by the consumers at less than half the prices charged in Washington or any other city where it is necessary to buy cold storage meat. Mr. Stanley argues that if Dr. Wiley is correct in his statements the government will quickly be repaid for the money invested in a cold storage plant, and moreover, that the military and naval forces of the country will be supplied with a better quality of eatables. Mr. Stanley says that the plant could be operated by the government at a minimum cost and that, inasmuch as the government has refused to buy tobacco from the tobacco trust or powder from the powder trust, there is no reason why it may not make every effort to obtain its supply of meat independent of the meat trust, which has been time and time again indicted and convicted. He says that it is not intended to have the government go into the meat business, but that inasmuch as the government is the largest purchaser of meats and other like products, it is its duty to the taxpayer to secure provisions in the most economical way. "During the last year more than a million of dollars was expended for meats for the soldiers' homes alone. The army expended over two millions of dollars for fresh meats, to say nothing of bacon and lard. The navy bill for butter was \$400,000 at the rate of 33 cents per pound. The fresh meat for the navy cost fifteen millions. Besides, we purchased thousands of pounds of poultry. Swift, Armour, Coudeshey and other like concerns furnished this food at exorbitant cost to the government and at immense profit to themselves."

WEATHER BULLETIN.

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Washington, D. C., June 16.
Last bulletin gave forecasts of disturbance to cross continent June 25 to 27, warm wave 22 to 26, cool wave 25 to 29. This disturbance is not expected to be severe. It will develop most force on the Pacific slope and grow milder as it progresses eastward. Some rains are expected in the upper Ohio valleys, about and west of Houston, in lower Missouri valleys, at scattering places along the Atlantic coast and on northern coast of Gulf of Mexico, but general condition of cropweather will be that of drought with much damage to growing crops, particularly oats and corn.

Last disturbance of June will reach Pacific coast about June 29, cross Pacific slope by close of 29, great central valleys 30 to July 2, eastern sections 3. Warm wave will cross Pacific slope about June 28 great central valleys 30, eastern sections July 2. Cool wave will cross Pacific slope about July 1, great central valleys 3, eastern sections 5. The intensities of this disturbance will be greater than in preceding storm wave, but it will not be a very dangerous storm. Principal rains will be from Pittsburg eastward, with heavy rains along the Atlantic coasts.

I find strong indications that most rain for some time to come will be concentrated on the middle and north Atlantic coasts, leaving many places in the corn and cotton belts with a shortage of moisture. My records point to excessive rains in vicinity of Washington, D. C., and this is in accord with the exceedingly dry spell which included March, 1910. The great speculators have been in a three months bear campaign on grain and have beaten prices down about 20 cents a bushel on all the grains. Probabilities are that they will now turn to the bull side, and run prices up. That is their game but no one, not inside of their ring, can guess anywhere near when they are ready to turn from one side to the other. They seem to have beaten the prices down as far as they can, unless cropweather, with exceedingly fine crops, comes to their aid. I do not believe that large crops will be made this year. I am expecting late oats to be damaged

in eastern sections by heavy rains and by drought west of the Alleghany mountains.

While a very large acreage of corn has been planted, it is in bad condition, and I believe the conditions will grow worse because of drought between the Rockies and Alleghany. The drought will probably not go so far north as Canada, and we may expect a fair spring wheat crop.

Dolliver at Home.

It is not all love and harmony for Senator Dolliver in his own State. Here comes the Burlington, Iowa, Hawkeye, one of the leading papers of that State, which thus criticizes the senior Senator who has of late made himself so conspicuous as the opponent of Senator Aldrich. It says:

Referring to the new Tariff, which President Taft says is the best one ever enacted, Senator Dolliver said in his Des Moines speech: "Not only do I denounce such Tariff legislation, but I am not particularly enamored of those who passed it." Who passed the new Tariff law? The Republican majority in Congress. Who voted against it? The Democrats and Dolliver et al. Who signed the bill? The Republican President. Who stands for the law? The Republican party. Who opposes it? The Democratic party and Dolliver et al. Not being "enamored" of those who passed the law, and preferring the company of those who voted against it, Mr. Dolliver is not "enamored" of those Republicans in Iowa who are friends of the new Tariff and who stand by the President who signed it. Under the circumstances it is not surprising that the latter are not "enamored" of Dolliver.

Ready to Move.

Just as soon as the weather becomes half-way decent, if it ever does, so as to permit moving, the contemplated change in express and ticket offices will take place. The various offices have been overhauled and the contents have been gotten together in preparation for a quick move and it will not take long to complete the operation and get the offices in complete readiness for business.

Mr. J. I. Greene, who has been in charge of the New York & Boston Express business and the sale of transportation tickets and staterooms for many years will remove from the present stand in the Newton building and will go down to the Cottrell building just below the Post Office where the Western Union Telegraph office used to be. He will not have any express business there, but will have charge of what will be known as the New Haven ticket office, selling tickets over the New Haven road and New England Navigation Company. He will also be general ticket agent for all railroads and transportation companies and will be prepared to sell tickets and accommodations for all parts of the world.

The Newport Transfer Company, which has had an office in the same room with the New York & Boston Express, will also move into the new office with Mr. Greene.

The Adams Express Company will then leave the Canonous building where it has been for a number of years and will move into the Newton building, occupying the former quarters of the New York & Boston on Pelham street.

English Justice.

A bookmaker convicted of betting in the streets of London recently sued the police for the return of money which he virtually admitted had been obtained by breaking the law. The trial was held before three of the Lords Justices of Appeal. In the course of the trial Lord Justice Buckley referred to a case which is at least 160 years old, and it is worth recalling in the present nervous state of politics and of certain restricted areas of finance. Two highwaymen entered into partnership, and in six months had amassed some \$10,000 by strict attention to business on Hampstead Heath, and at Andover, Basingstoke and elsewhere. They could not agree as to who held what might be called the preferred stock of the corporation, and one of them sued the other in the equity courts for an accounting of the partnership assets. The result shows how far we have advanced from those uncivilized days. Both highwaymen were hanged, and the attorney for the plaintiff was transported.

KAISER HAS LAME KNEE

It Compels Him to Cancel His Proposed Visit to Hanover

Berlin, June 17.—The Kaiser is laid up again. Scarcely before the effects of the boil on his wrist had passed away, he has been afflicted with a new trouble, which compelled the cancellation of his proposed visit to Hanover this week.

An effusion of matter from his right knee, declared by the doctors to be the result of friction in the saddle; has rendered the Kaiser lame. While there is no fever, according to a bulletin given out, the sore causes considerable pain.

Skeleton Found in Old Mine
Newburyport, Mass., June 17.—The finding of a human skeleton in a shaft of the old silver mines on Sawyer's hill gives rise to the belief that the victim may have been murdered and thrown into the shaft thirty years ago when the mines were running.

He—One kiss is worth a hundred letters.
She—How silly you are!
He—Not at all. A kiss you know can't be shown in a breach of promise suit.—Boston Transcript.

ROBBERY PROBABLE MOTIVE

Unknown Man Kills Providence Storekeeper and Commits Suicide

Providence, June 16.—Joseph Navrooski, aged 61, a second-hand clothing dealer, was shot and killed in the door of his store on South Main street last night.

His murderer fled to the cellar, where, after an exchange of shots with several police officers, and an attempt to drown him out by the fire department, he committed suicide by shooting.

No motive for the murder is known except robbery. It is believed the unknown young man came to the store with the idea of robbing the storekeeper or looting the store, and being confronted by the storekeeper killed him.

WATCH PORTS FOR PORTER CHARLTON

Police Think He Knows Something About Wife's Murder

Como, Italy, June 16.—What appears to be well founded reports to the effect that Porter Charlton is still alive caused the police officials to send out requests to the authorities at different ports to watch for a man of his description.

The search of Lake Como, where the body of Charlton's wife was found in a trunk a few days ago, is still being continued.

It has been learned that Charlton wrote on June 6 to the Russian, Isoplatoff, who is under arrest, that he and his wife were leaving for the Riviera. On the same afternoon he went to the postoffice and made inquiries as to steamers leaving for America. The letter he sent to Isoplatoff contained no postage stamp, and this is taken as an indication that he was strangely agitated when he sent the letter.

Mrs. Charlton's body was buried yesterday in a grave near the villa in which she had her death.

Justice League Organized
New York, June 17.—Clergymen of many denominations, business and labor leaders, united here to organize the Individual and Social Justice League of America.

WEEKLY ALMANAC

JUNE 1910	STANDARD TIME										
	Sun	Mon	Tue	Wed	Thurs	Fri	Sat	Sun	Mon	Tue	Wed
15 Sat	4 23	5 1	5 10	5 19	5 28	5 37	5 46	4 23	5 1	5 10	5 19
16 Sun	4 23	5 1	5 10	5 19	5 28	5 37	5 46	4 23	5 1	5 10	5 19
17 Mon	4 23	5 1	5 10	5 19	5 28	5 37	5 46	4 23	5 1	5 10	5 19
18 Tue	4 23	5 1	5 10	5 19	5 28	5 37	5 46	4 23	5 1	5 10	5 19
19 Wed	4 23	5 1	5 10	5 19	5 28	5 37	5 46	4 23	5 1	5 10	5 19
20 Thurs	4 23	5 1	5 10	5 19	5 28	5 37	5 46	4 23	5 1	5 10	5 19
21 Fri	4 23	5 1	5 10	5 19	5 28	5 37	5 46	4 23	5 1	5 10	5 19

HOUSES, SITES AND FARMS

Persons living in other States, away from Newport and wishing information for themselves or friends regarding Tenements, Houses, furnished and unfurnished, and Farms or Sites for building, can ascertain what they want by writing to

A. O'D. TAYLOR,

REAL ESTATE AGENT,

132 Highview Avenue Newport, R. I.

Mr. Taylor's Agency was established in 1837. He is a Commissioner of Deeds for the principal States and Notary Public.

Has a Branch Office open all summer in Jamestown, for Summer Villas and Country places.

Deaths.

In this city, 14th inst., at the residence of his parents, 28 Ann street, Harry, son of Harry and Annie Chapman, aged 4 years 10 months.
At Newport, R. I., Tuesday, June 14, after a short illness, George P. Williams, daughter of the late Courtland Babcock, and widow of Charles Williams, of Stonington, Ct.
In this city, 14th inst., Annie Elvira Paul.
In this city, 14th inst., Annie Elvira Paul, widow of Edward Kerley, in her 84th year.
At his residence, Rhode Island avenue, Newport, June 16, John Austin Stevens, son of the late John Austin Stevens, of New York, and Abby Weld, of Boston, in the 51th year of his age.
In this city, 17th inst., at his residence, 14 Fair street, Charles Gladding.
In Middletown, R. I., 15th inst., Holma C., wife of William H. Allen, aged 77 years.
In Portsmouth, 12th inst., Miss Sophia L. Green, aged 87 years and 1 month.
In Portsmouth, 13th inst., Maude E., daughter of Alphonso and Ida L. Davol, aged 14 years, 6 months and 22 days.
At Cambridge, 15th inst., Patrick J. Sullivan, of this city.

ABSOLUTE SECURITY.

Genuine

Carter's

Little Liver Pills.

Must Bear Signature of

See Face-Smile Wrapper Below.

Very small and easy to take.

FOR HEADACHE.

FOR INDIGESTION.

FOR BILIOUSNESS.

FOR CONSTIPATION.

FOR SALLOW SKIN.

FOR THE COMPLEXION.

See Face-Smile Wrapper Below.

See Face-Smile Wrapper Below.

See Face-Smile Wrapper Below.

See Face-Smile Wrapper Below.

BIG WELCOME AWAITING HIM

Roosevelt is Due to Land in New York Tomorrow

BIG COMMITTEE OF CITIZENS

Will Meet Mighty Hunter Down the Bay and Escort Him to Landing Place—Former President Expected to Make Big Noise at Home After Having Stirred Up Old World by His Startling Statements

New York, June 17.—The home coming of former President Roosevelt tomorrow will be one of the great events of the year. It will be marked by the biggest and most enthusiastic public demonstrations that America ever has given to a private citizen.

He will be met down the bay by a reception committee appointed by the mayor. This committee consists of 300 of the most prominent citizens of the metropolis. Cornelius Vanderbilt is its chairman, and there is hardly a name on the list that is not either well known or famous.

President Taft will send a letter of welcome to the returning hunter. It will be delivered by Captain Butt, the president's aide. In addition to Butt, two other members of the president's official family, Secretary Meyer and Secretary Wilson, will come to New York to greet Colonel Roosevelt. The governors of many states will be on hand also to welcome him.

Several hundreds of thousands of citizens will come from all over the country and help swell the roar that will start at the Battery and continue to Fifty-ninth street as the colonial rides along.

No man in private life ever made such a stir abroad or is likely to cause so much noise at home as Roosevelt.

Since he emerged from Africa, the former president has been hurrying homeward, by easy stages. He has left a trail of excitement behind him everywhere in the old world. Even the German Kaiser, when he was running in his best form, never came within a block of him.

In Egypt Roosevelt told the British and the Egyptians a few startling things. In Rome he and the popes turned their backs on each other. His enthusiastic desire to set people right, according to his own personal views, did not make such a stir in France or Holland or Germany, but it reached its climax in England, where he hoarsely told the big British empire just where to "head in."

Here in New York and in America generally innumerable people either are figuratively on tiptoe or else have their ears to the ground trying to figure out in advance just what game the mighty hunter will go after when he lands on his native shore.

The program of the Roosevelt reception committee has been prepared with a great deal of care. Though over-seas, Roosevelt has had his eye on it more or less, and probably, even now, knows just what he is going to do and to say while within sight and sound of "his people." He sailed from Southampton on the Kaiserlin augusta Victoria and will drop anchor at Quarantine tomorrow morning. Mrs. Roosevelt, Kermit and Ethel will accompany him.

The German steamer will be met at Quarantine by the revenue cutter Androscoggin, with the committee of 300 aboard, and on this the Roosevelt party will make the journey up the harbor. The cabinet officers, members of congress and so on will be aboard the revenue cutter Mohawk. Two other boats will carry the other distinguished guests and the newspaper men. Only these four craft will be allowed to land at the Battery, where the official reception will take place.

DUKE TAKES FOURTH WIFE

Bride of Tobacco Magnate Is Many Years His Junior

Washington, June 13.—Frustrated here in his attempt to take unto himself a fourth wife by unexpected and unwelcome publicity and by the antipathy of a Presbyterian minister, Brodie L. Duke, the tobacco magnate of Durham, N. C., and his protegee and would-be bride, Miss Wylanta Roschelle, quietly went to Camden, N. J., where the marriage ceremony was performed.

Duke is 62 years old and his bride 28. Miss Roschelle is a daughter of a Durham merchant and was a student at a private school here.

Prayers Failed to Cure

Chicago, June 16.—Death caused by a rattlesnake bite ended nearly a week of torture endured by Oliver Pugh, formerly an alderman in Zion City. Pugh refused to take medicine, relying upon prayers.

MINISTER HAS DECAMPED

Nine Women Have Thus Far Claimed Him as Husband

Richmond, June 17.—Rev. S. W. Tucker, pastor of a negro congregation at Seaford, near Richmond, has jumped his bail and disappeared with his bond of \$500 has been forfeited.

Seven women have come forward claiming Tucker as husband. Two more have written to the same effect from North Carolina.

When Tucker was arrested, charged with prowling at night around the house of still another negro woman, a rabbit's foot, a bottle of gin and a bottle of cologne were found in his pockets.

THIRST DRIVES HIM TO COVER

Phelps Is Trapped When He Begs Farmer For Water

CAPTURED BY GAME WARDEN

Says He Tried to Surrender to Two Militiamen and Had Called to Pursuers During Man Hunt—Killing of Sheriff Was Not Intentional, According to His Story—Does Not Appear to Take Arrest Seriously

Monroe Bridge, Mass., June 16.—Declaring that he had been trying to surrender since Tuesday afternoon, Silas N. Phelps, slayer of Deputy Sheriff Emmett F. Haskins of Charlestown, is locked up in the Franklin county jail.

His capture yesterday afternoon near the Plumb place closed the man hunt on the Monroe mountain that began Sunday.

Phelps says that he scared two militiamen by coming upon them suddenly, recently. Before he could offer himself for capture they took to their heels. Frequently during the hunt for him he had called to his pursuers, but they paid no attention to him.

Phelps' capture was due to the bravery of Dennis P. Shea, a fish and game warden employed by the state. As a reward for his nerve, Shea will get the \$800 offered for the capture of Phelps by the selectmen of Charlestown.

Charles Thompson accompanied Shea into the thicket where Phelps was lying in hiding, and stood ready to shoot Phelps if Shea could not subdue him.

Phelps had lost his nerve, and through unexplainable foolishness caused his own arrest. After four days and three nights in the woods, without food and water and aware of the armed men surrounding him, Phelps gave thirst and hunger as his reason for surrendering.

Phelps took his arrest as a boy would, who had been caught playing truant from school, and began joking his captors on the way he had outwitted them. The only time he showed any feeling was when, after he had been fed and given water, he asked to see his family.

His request was granted, and those who saw the parting between the man and his faithful wife and children shed tears.

As he was being led out of the thicket Phelps said that he had no intention of killing Sheriff Haskins when he shot at him Saturday night. He said he would not have done it for a thousand dollars, if Haskins had not pulled a gun on him.

Later he said his finger was on the hair trigger of his shotgun and, when he doings to escape the bullet he expected from Haskins' revolver, his own gun went off and he saw Haskins fall.

It was about 11:30 o'clock Wednesday morning when a 15-year-old Louis Tower ran into Camp Ballou and told of having seen "Sil" Phelps near the potato patch on the Plumb place.

Captain Flower with a squad of militia ran to within 100 yards of the thicket and started to go in back of Phelps. Deputy Warden Shea and Deputies Pratt and Bridges went into the fringe of the woods in front and waited for the sound of Phelps' voice to guide them to his location. In the field at work was Nathan Tower, whom Phelps had asked earlier to go for water.

When Phelps first appeared he was at the edge of the woods, and called to Tower: "Nate, I'm Sil Phelps. Go get me some water. I'm dying of thirst."

Nate started off for the house, as if to grant his request, and told his nephew to run to headquarters. The capture of Phelps followed an hour and a half later.

Greenfield, Mass., June 17.—Silas Phelps, cowed and dejected, pleaded not guilty to the charge of murdering Deputy Sheriff Haskins. Judge Field held Phelps without bail for a continued hearing, June 24.

ON TRAIL OF WALSH

Department of Justice Is Looking For "Jack," the Faro Dealer

Washington, June 15.—The department of justice has invoked the aid of the Boston police in locating one Martin J. Walsh, who, it is believed, was connected with the faro bank in New York, in which George W. Coleman, the defaulting bookkeeper of the National City bank of Cambridge, was reported to have lost some of the money which he took from the bank.

A reward will be offered for Walsh's apprehension.

Regency Bill Names Queen Mary London, June 16.—Premier Asquith introduced in parliament a regency bill, nominating Queen Mary as regent in the event of the Duke of Cornwall reaching the throne before his majority.

Equity Bill Against Packers Chicago, June 14.—A charge of retaliation was made in a bill in equity filed against the Union Stock Yard and Transit company and others in the United States circuit court here.

More Small Bills to Be Issued Washington, June 13.—The treasury department has taken steps to increase the supply of small bills, for which there always is a heavy demand during the fall months.

End of Oral Bookmaking Albany, June 16.—Governor Hughes signed the three Agnew-Perkins bills designed to prevent oral bookmaking at race tracks.

JUSTICE MOODY

Retirement on Salary Is Proposed by Lodge



RETIREMENT FOR MOODY

Bill in Senate to Relieve Him From Duty With Full Pay

Washington, June 16.—Senator Lodge introduced a bill permitting Associate Justice Moody of the supreme court of the United States to retire from office with full pay, notwithstanding he has not served ten years nor is he 70 years old, as required by existing law. Moody's health is given as the reason for the proposed act.

It is believed that the bill will be passed before adjournment so that President Taft can fill the vacancy in time to have a full quota sitting on the supreme bench to pass upon the Standard Oil tobacco trust and the corporation tax cases which are to be heard at the fall term.

ON THRESHOLD OF PRESIDENT'S OFFICE

Armed Man Is Arrested by Police in the White House

Washington, June 17.—James Stricklin, 45 years old, of Cumberland, Md., was arrested at the front door of the executive mansion. Stricklin insisted on seeing President Taft, saying he had important news for him.

Stricklin, who is of prepossessing appearance, gained entrance to the executive office without question and was at the threshold of President Taft's inner office when the doorkeeper, alarmed by the man's air of suppressed excitement, held him up and questioned him. As Stricklin tried to force his way past him, the doorkeeper called Detective Sergeant Dalrymple. The officer, after a question or two, was convinced the man was insane. He searched him and found a .38-calibre revolver, fully loaded, and \$100, and then placed him under arrest.

At the station house Stricklin said he was a miner, and declared he came to Washington in answer to advertisements for him; that President Taft had inserted in various West Virginia papers.

The man was taken to the Washington asylum hospital, charged with insanity.

PREACHER SUES SANDFORD

Seeks to Recover Money Which He Gave to the "Kingdom of Maine"

Lynn, Mass., June 16.—The "Kingdom of Maine," the society at Shiloh, of which Rev. Frank W. Sandford, known as "Elijah II," is the head, was defendant in a suit heard before Attorney Gorman as master.

The plaintiff, Rev. Ira Case, sues for \$1725, which he alleges that he gave to the society while a member of the colony.

Sandford is missing, but his assistants, Rev. Charles E. Howland and Rev. Willard N. Gleason, testified that when a person becomes an inmate of the Shiloh "House of the Hundred Fold" at Shiloh he is obliged to surrender all his possessions.

Expulsion of Jews Continues Kiev, June 17.—Eighty-nine persons were expelled from Kiev yesterday. Twenty-six of these had been permitted to settle their affairs, while the others were given passports to a specified destination.

Baldwin Falls Seventy-Five Feet New York, June 16.—Thomas S. Baldwin, the aviator, fell seventy-five feet, while practising with his aeroplane at Mineola, L. I. The machine was badly damaged, but the aviator escaped injury.

WILD BEASTS SET FREE

Spread Terror Among Farmers When Circus Train Is Wrecked

Ebensburg, Pa., June 17.—Wild animals from a traveling circus were liberated when the heavy wagon cages struck the girder of a low bridge as the train was running from this place to Gallitzin. Three flat cars were derailed and three wagon cars were demolished.

The report that the animals infested the country spread through the neighborhood and the frightened farmers refused to aid in rounding up the menagerie.

Two circus employees, caught in the wreckage, were painfully, but not seriously hurt. Later all the animals were captured except the hyena, and the circus was able to show at Gallitzin last night.

CANNOT FIGHT IN CALIFORNIA

Governor Puts Veto on the Johnson-Jeffries Battle

ATTORNEY GENERAL WILL ACT

Has Received Orders From Gillett Not to Allow Meeting For Championship Honors—Said to Have Doubts About Contest Being Conducted "on the Square"—Ministers' Alliance Also a Factor in the Matter

San Francisco, June 16.—The Jeffries-Johnson fight will not be held in this city on July 4. Neither will it be held anywhere in the state of California.

This announcement was made by Attorney General Webb in confirming a report current for several days that Governor Gillett would not permit the battle to take place. The attorney general said he would carry out the governor's orders not to allow the men to meet.

It is not yet known what the fight promoters will do, but it is believed the battle will be transferred to Salt Lake City unless Jeffries kicks over the traces and refuses to fight at all.

Governor Gillett said: "I have instructed Attorney General Webb to stop the Jeffries-Johnson fight, and I shall expect him to do so." The attorney general said he would take the necessary steps at once.

The action of Gillett was not unexpected. He was quoted by a Chicago newspaper on his recent eastern trip as saying that he believed the fight to be a "fake" and "frame-up." The interview was subsequently declared to have been authorized, but the governor has never said that he did not use the expressions attributed to him.

It is understood that he made them while in conversation with a friend and never expected them to be made public.

The governor did say, however, that the laws of California did not forbid the fight and as long as they did not he would hardly act.

Pressure brought to bear by the Ministers' Alliance and the better class of political leaders is understood to have caused the change in his attitude.

Jeffries was sore when he first heard of the accusation of faking and it is regarded as almost certain that he will refuse to go any further.

It is reported that the promoters will appeal to the courts for a writ of injunction to prevent any interference.

Tex Rickard, promoter-in-chief of the "big battle," when informed of the governor's action, said:

"If Governor Gillett has stated he will not permit us to handle the Jeffries-Johnson fight in this state, that settles us. We will not attempt to back him nor bring down the militia upon us. I shall order work stopped on the arena at once and take the fight elsewhere. I prefer Salt Lake City, but Reno and Ely, Nev., will also receive consideration."

The statement of Rickard was seconded by Jack Gleason, his partner.

MANY LIVES ARE LOST

Fire Follows Crash In a Montreal Newspaper Building

Montreal, June 14.—Between twenty and thirty people lost their lives when the supports of the sprinkler system tank on the roof of The Herald building gave way and the great mass of metal and water, weighing thirty-five tons, went crashing downward to the basement.

Fire broke out immediately, and many of those wounded or pinned down by the wreckage were burned to death. The firemen displayed great heroism in rescuing scores of people from perilous positions in the jagged and tottering walls.

OBJECTION TO UNIFORM

Vermont Veterans Want Lee Statue Kept Out of Statuary Hall

Montpelier, Vt., June 17.—Resolutions condemning the action of the state of Virginia in placing the statue of General Robert E. Lee in Statuary hall, Washington, were adopted by the Vermont department, G. A. R., assembled in their forty-third annual convention.

The resolutions declare that Virginia has aggravated the insult to the union soldiers by draping the statue in a Confederate uniform, and state that had a style of uniform in vogue prior to the Civil war been used the matter would find less opposition.

Russia's Population 160,000,000 St. Petersburg, June 17.—The population of the Russian empire, including Finland, according to data collected by the governmental statistical department for 1909, has reached 160,095,200, an increase of 33,199,000, or 26.2 percent, since the last general census in 1897.

Plaided For Governor

Augusta, Me., June 16.—At the Democratic state convention Frederick W. Plaided was nominated for governor. He received 575 votes. Obidiah Gardner received 311 votes.

Maine's Great Timber Cut

Bangor, Me., June 11.—Maine's lumber cut for 1910 is estimated at 750,000,000 feet, not including hardwoods.

Batch of Cadets Leave West Point West Point, N. Y., June 15.—Eighty-two cadets received commissions as second lieutenants today at the graduating exercises of the United States military academy.

KELIHER FOUND GUILTY

Bail of Alleged Bunco Steerer Is Raised From \$25,000 to \$50,000

Boston, June 17.—"Guilty," was the verdict rendered against William J. (Big Bill) Kelliher, who was tried on the charge of aiding and abetting George W. Coleman in the looting of the National City bank of Cambridge.

Kelliher's bail was raised from \$25,000 to \$50,000. His counsel said that Kelliher would not be able to raise this bail. The prisoner was taken to jail and locked up. Coleman is imprisoned in the same place. Mr. Garland of the district attorney's office said that Kelliher would not come up for sentence for a month yet, in all probability.

"Kelliher is as guilty as Coleman," remarked Judge Hale during the discussion over bail.

The twelve men who decided the big fellow's fate had deliberated upon the evidence exactly three hours.

EXPLOSION OF FLOUR

Demonstration of the Harmful Effects of the "Bleached" Process

Kansas City, June 16.—The contents of a bottle, said by government attorneys to have contained bleached flour, exploded during the progress of the flour case here, startling jurors, attorneys, and spectators.

It was while Professor Acreo of the chemistry department of the Johns Hopkins university was on the witness stand that the contents of the bottle exploded.

"What caused that?" asked an attorney.

"The formation of nitrogen peroxide gas in the flour," answered the professor. Decomposition as well as bleaching would cause gas to form in flour, explained the witness. On cross examination Acreo admitted that there were nitrates in air, rainwater and melted snow.

ORIGINAL PACKAGE

LAW IS IN EFFECT

New Era in Boston Relative to the Sale of Milk

Boston, June 15.—The board of health's "original package" milk regulation, which has been the bone of contention between the board and many of the milk dealers in this city for nearly a year, went into effect this morning.

Under the new regulation the old practice of storekeepers lading milk out of dip tanks or pouring it out of large cans into the receptacles brought to stores by customers is done away with.

Instead the storekeeper is required to sell milk in the bottle or other receptacle in which the milk reaches his store. Thus the old custom of consumers carrying their own bottles, cans or pitchers to stores to have them filled with milk, which has been practised in Boston since time immemorial, is now wiped out.

Parr Will Receive \$1,000,000 Fee Washington, June 17.—The United States will pay to Richard Parr something approaching \$1,000,000 for his efforts in exposing the sugar frauds in the New York customs house.

Pugilist Gans Is Dying

Phoenix, Ariz., June 15.—Joe Gans, former lightweight champion, is near to death from tuberculosis.

ABSOLUTE CURE OF SKIN ERUPTION

Broke Out on Hips and Legs—Was So Sore, Irritating and Painful That Little Sufferer Could Not Sleep—Scratched Constantly and Kept Growing Worse.

CUTICURA'S EFFECT QUICK AND PERMANENT

"When about two and a half years old my daughter broke out on her hips and the upper parts of her legs with a very irritating and painful eruption. It began in October; the first I noticed was a little red surface and a constant desire on her part to scratch her limbs. She could not sleep and the eruptions got sore, and yellow water came out of them. I had two doctors treat her, but she grew worse under their treatment. Then I bought the Cuticura Soap, Cuticura Ointment and Cuticura Resolvent, and only used them two weeks when she was entirely well. This was in February. She has never had another rough place on her skin, and she is now fourteen years old. I used only half the bottle of Cuticura Resolvent and less than a box of Cuticura Ointment. Mrs. R. R. Whitaker, Winchester, Tenn., Sept. 22, 1908."

WOMEN

Everywhere Use Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment

For preserving, purifying and beautifying the skin, for cleansing the scalp of crusts, scales and dandruff, for dry, thin and falling hair, for softening, whitening and soothing red, rough and sore hands, for removing irritations and ulcerative weaknesses, and for many sanative, antiseptic purposes as well as for all the uses of the toilet, bath and nursery. Guaranteed absolutely pure and may be used from the hour of birth.

Complete External and Internal Treatment for Every Form of Itch, Eruptions, and Skin Diseases. Cuticura Soap (12c) to Cleanse the Skin, Cuticura Ointment (12c) to Soothe the Itch, and Cuticura Resolvent (50c) to Cure the Skin. (Beware of cheap imitations.) For the full story of Cuticura's record, see the book "Cuticura Cures the Skin." Price 10c. Sent free on request. Write to J. C. Cuticura, Boston, Mass.

Newport Trust Company,

303 THAMES STREET, Newport, R. I.

will be pleased to receive your account

SAFE DEPOSIT VAULTS

ANGUS McLEOD, President. THOMAS P. PECKHAM, Vice-President and Secretary. EDWARD A. SHERMAN, Treasurer.

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MILLINERY ATTRACTIONS

For Selection go to SCHREIER'S! For Style go to SCHREIER'S.

Everything in the line found here at popular prices.

Specialties in CHILDREN'S HATS.

ORDER DEPARTMENT, BEST WORK GUARANTEED.

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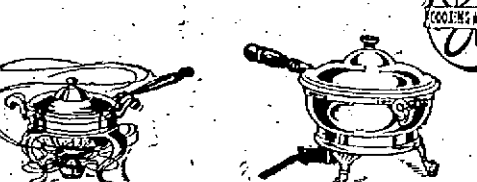
For One Week Beginning MONDAY, May 16th, We will give to every purchaser of 3 packages of

Crystal Gelatine

ONE JAR CREAM FREE, S. S. THOMPSON,

172-176 BROADWAY.

CHAFING DISHES



With an ALCOHOL Lamp you must fill the lamp, adjust the wick, strike a match, and be very careful not to spill alcohol on the table top.

With ELECTRICITY you insert the plug and turn the switch. When this is done you can devote all your attention to the recipe.

We have the ELECTRIC kind, made by the General Electric Co. Ask us about them today

OLD COLONY STREET RAILWAY COMPANY.

F. W. PUTMAN, OPT. D.

SCIENTIFIC REFRACTIONIST

—AND—

Dispensing Optician.

Formerly with H. A. HEATH & CO.

Children's Eyes a Specialty.

If you have blurring vision, smarting eyes, if your head aches a great deal of the time have it attended to at once by a competent man. Ten prescriptions that were on file at Heath & Co.'s are now on file at my office. Fine optical repairing of all kinds. Quicker prescriptions given personal attention.

118 SPRING STREET.

1030 A. M. to 8:30 P. M.

Furnished Cottages

TO RENT AT

BLOCK ISLAND.

H. S. MILLIKIN,

Real Estate Agent.

PERRY HOUSE,

WASHINGTON SQUARE.

OPEN THROUGHOUT THE YEAR

Under entirely new management. Newly furnished suites with bath up to date. Rates, \$3 up. Special Rates by the Week. F. H. WISWELL, Proprietor.

"Story," said the minister, "I hear ye were at Dunlop's kick on Sunday last. Not that I object, ye ken, but ye widen yerel like ye ain sheep strayin' away into strange pastures." "I widna care, sir," said Perry, "if it was better grass."—Boston Transcript.

Cleveland House

27 CLARKE STREET.

The most modern and up to date House in the City.

A perfect House for Permanent or Transient Guests.

Rates, \$2.00 Per Day.

SPECIAL RATES BY THE WEEK OR MONTH.

Apply to CORNELIUS MORIARTY, Prop'r.

A Full Line of all the

NEW

AND

Improved Varieties

VEGETABLE SEEDS

FOR SALE BY:

Fernando Barker.

STARTING A FASHION

The Way a New Style in Ladies' Hair Was Born in France.

TOUCHEE A QUEEN'S VANITY.

Marie Antoinette's Hairdresser Was Confronted With a Serious Situation, but His Gascon Diplomacy Proved Equal to the Occasion.

At the end of the year 1781 Leonard, hairdresser to Queen Marie Antoinette, was confronted by an alarming situation, and with the fulfillment of this dread event would fall his credit. But with his native "Gascon quickness"—as Leonard put it in his "Recollections"—he proceeded to save his reputation.

"Madame," said he one day to the queen when he saw that the fall of her hair was imminent, "the high head-dresses are becoming very common. It is long since the bourgeoisie has taken possession of it, and now it is the turn of the common people."

"Good gracious, Leonard, what are you telling me? Do you know it grieves me to hear it? Those head-dresses were so becoming to me!"

"And what headdress would not become your majesty? I have carefully thought over a total revolution in your majesty's head-dresses. I have even had your portrait drawn with the new arrangement I have in view, and, as I expected, my august sovereign by adopting my innovation would be made younger by six or seven years."

"Do you mean it, Leonard? The headdress you have in mind would make me look younger?"

"I do not see what your majesty could gain in that, for many women of the court would take on years to resemble the queen of France."

"Oh, I do not deceive myself, Leonard. I shall soon be twenty-seven, and at that age a style which makes one look younger is always favorably received."

"Well, madame," Leonard continued quickly, while placing a miniature before her majesty's eyes, "see this portrait. It is a striking resemblance. It is your majesty, but ten years younger."

"What do I see—the hair cut a few inches from the head?"

"Yes, madame, it will be, if you are pleased to consent to it, a coiffure à l'enfant, and you will see it taken up with as much enthusiasm as all those that I have created for your majesty."

"You are right, Leonard. It is charming. In truth, I am but eighteen with my hair dressed like that. But to sacrifice my beautiful hair!"

"Your majesty will have the satisfaction of seeing all the ladies of the court, all the ladies of France, sacrifice theirs."

"But if the style changes?"

"Who would dare to adopt a new one without your majesty's having first set the example? If some ambitious hairdresser amid the myriad of weaklings who swarm in Paris should dare undertake such a change, I would have him reduced to atoms by the Journal des Dames. He would be a ruined man."

"But I prize my hair very much," said the queen, with an air of hesitation, still looking at the portrait. Yet I am dying to have my hair dressed à l'enfant."

"Well, madame, since I have been so fortunate as to find a style which pleases your majesty, I must tell you all. For the last two weeks all my waking hours have been devoted to the service of my sovereign in the attempt to make an agreeable thing of an imperative necessity."

"What do you mean, Leonard?"

"Your majesty was saying a little while ago that she prized her hair, and I can easily understand it; but, unfortunately, her hair does not prize her. Before fifteen days it will have entirely fallen out if this very day we do not apply the infallible remedy—the scissors!"

"What's that you say?" exclaimed the queen with veritable fright.

"The least painful of truths, madame, since what I propose to your majesty, while forestalling a great misfortune, is entirely for her taste."

"Come, Leonard; no more deliberation. Cut it, but do not cut it too short."

"Just enough, madame, to give back to the roots of the hair the vigor it was beginning to lose."

The queen's beautiful hair fell under Leonard's regenerating scissors, and two weeks afterward all the ladies of the court had their hair dressed à l'enfant.

Let no one say there is no diplomacy outside the king's cabinet. It is at the bottom of all human combinations.—Youth's Companion.

A Losing Game.

"I lost \$2,000 last night," observed the noted lecturer, who charged 50 cents a word for his oratory.

"How was that—poker?" inquired the man who didn't care much for lectures anyway.

"No. Talked in my sleep," replied the lecturer, wiping away a tear.—Puck.

Suspicious.

"John," she said after dinner.

"Yes, my dear."

"Is the drinking water at your office flavored with cloves?"—Buffalo Express.

Down and Up.

"That remedy," said a senator of a proposed piece of legislation, "is as impracticable as little George Washington's. George Washington, you know, when his father spoke to him about the cherry tree said:

"Yes, father; I did chop down the tree, but I can easily make the evil good."

"How so, my boy? the father asked.

"Why," said George, "if I chopped it down can't I chop it up?"—Los Angeles Times.

A JOKE ON ANSON.

It Reacted on the Players the Captain Was Training.

In an article on baseball training camps Hugh S. Fullerton, in the American Magazine, recounts the following joke played on "Cap" Anson, the leader of the famous old White Stockings, during a training season some years ago:

"Anson was one of the most tireless runners in the world, and training under him was a nightmare to his players. Anson would drive his men for three hours in practice, then lead them in long runs, placing himself at the head of the procession and setting a steady, jogging pace. If he felt well the morning training was a marathon route. I have seen players resort to all kinds of tricks to avoid those killing runs."

"One afternoon in New Orleans years ago Anson ordered ten laps around the field after practice, which on the old grounds was nearly ten miles. The afternoon was hot, one of those wilting southern spring days that sap the life out of man fresh from the rigors of a northern winter. The players felt into him, grumbling and scowling. Back of left field a high board fence separated the ball grounds from one of the old cemeteries, and near the foul line a board was off the fence. The first time the panting athletes passed the hole in the fence Dahlen gave a quick glance to see if Anson was looking and dived head first through the gap into the cemetery. The others continued on around the lot, but on the second round Lange, Ryan, Kilbridge and Decker dived after Dahlen and joined him in the cemetery. The third trip saw the line divide to four followers, with Anson still leading. The fourth found only Anson and poor Bill Schriver, who had the bad luck to be directly behind his captain, plodding on, and on the next trip Schriver made the leap for life."

"Majestically alone, Anson toiled on, while the onlookers writhed with delight. Perhaps their behavior aroused suspicion or the absence of following footsteps attracted 'Cap's' attention. He stopped, looked at the vacant field; a grim grin overspread his red face, and he resumed the jogging. Straight to that fence he plodded, and, sinking his head through the hole, he beheld his team leading against the above ground tombs, smoking and laughing. Just for that he marshaled them into line again and, sitting in the stand, watched them grimly until every man had completed ten rounds."

A Skylark For the Shelley Class.

I have heard of a professor of English in one of our universities who evidently felt that his department was laboring under disadvantages. Finding that his scientific colleagues were getting appropriations of astonishing liberality for illustrative apparatus, he put in his annual report a request for \$5,000 for an aviary. When the president asked him to explain he said that it was impossible for him to teach poetry properly unless he had an aviary connected with his classroom. "Then," he said, "when the class is reading Shelley's 'Skylark' I reach my long banded net into the cage, catch a lark and hold it up to them. And when we are studying 'The Hymn of the Ancient Mariner' my assistant will be stationed in the gallery with a crossbow to shoot a real live albatross on the platform, thus giving the students opportunities for observation that doubtless Coleridge himself never had."—Independent.

The Orang Outang.

It is a most interesting sight to watch an orang outang make its way through the jungle. It walks slowly along the larger branches in a semi-erect attitude, this being apparently caused by the length of its arms and the shortness of its legs. It invariably selects those branches which interlink with those of a neighboring tree, on approaching which it stretches out its long arms and, grasping the boughs opposite, seems first to shake them as if to test their strength and then deliberately swings itself across to the next branch, which it walks along as before. It does not jump or spring, as monkeys usually do, and never appears to hurry itself unless some real danger is present. Yet in spite of its apparently slow movements it gets along far quicker than a person ranging through the forest beneath.

THE TENANT'S TOAST.

It Carried Off the Prize at Lord Panmure's Dinner.

The following story gives a good idea of the drinking style in England early in the last century. This was what the men of that day took for humor:

"Two young English noblemen were paying a visit to Lord Panmure at Brechin castle. One day he wrote a letter to Panmure, a tenant of his, to come and dine with him, and at the same time he ordered him to bring a sum of money."

Panmure was aware when he received the order that something was to be done and went prepared. After dinner Lord Panmure gave the first toast, which was, "All hats in the fire or £20 on the table." Four hats were immediately in the fire.

One of the English noblemen gave the next toast, "All coats in the fire or £50 on the table." Four coats were committed to the flames.

Panmure's toast came next, which was, "Two fore teeth in the fire or £200 on the table," and Panmure pulled out his teeth and threw them into the fire.

The English noblemen looked amazed. They didn't know he had false teeth, and Panmure went home without hat, coat or boots, but with £200 in his pocket. Lord Panmure thought much of his tenant after that.—Exchange.

Thrilling.

Sir John Penn recently related a story of a boy who was asked what he would like to be.

The boy said, "A lighthouse keeper."

The schoolmaster asked, "Why?"

The boy replied, "It would be so nice to sit up at the top of the lighthouse and see all the wrecks going to pieces below."—Dundee Advertiser.

Re-enforced.

"What is an ossified man, pa?"

"I'm not certain, but I think that is what they call one who has turned to concrete."—New York Press.

Cynical.

"Do you think there is really any such thing as platonic love?"

"Yes. It exists between most husbands and their wives."—Chicago Record-Herald.

A Fine Mixup.

"What do you mean by this, sir?" demanded the angry advertiser.

"What's the matter?" inquired the publisher of the paper.

"This advertisement of 'our delicious canned meats' from the best colonial houses—you've made it read 'horrible'!"—London Tit-Bits.

Mercury's Accident.

"What's the matter with your office boy?"

"He hurt himself while running when I sent him on an errand the other day."

"Come off! You don't mean to say—"

"I do. He never did the errand, but he found out why a horse had fallen down in the street."—Cleveland Leader.

A Rare Bird Indeed.

"I think I shall learn to like that friend of yours."

"You were favorably impressed by him, eh?"

"Yes, indeed. He watched me playing billiards for an hour yesterday without once suggesting how a shot ought to be made."—Detroit Free Press.

The Poppy Bee.

The poppy bee is the artist of the honey makers, though she builds her nest in a hole in the ground, burrowing down about three inches. At the bottom she makes a large hole and lines it gloriously with the scarlet petals of the red poppy. She cuts and fits the gorgeous tapestry perfectly, then partly fills the cell with honey, lays an egg, folds down the red blankets and covers the hole so that it cannot be observed, leaving the baby bee to look after itself in its rosy nest.

A wise man never loses anything if he has himself.—Montaigne.

STEALING THE STYLES

London Millinery Pirates and Their Methods.

TRICKS OF SMART WOMEN.

Use Their Position to Get a Look at the Advance Models and Then Sell Their Information in Berlin—One Case Where There Was a Slip.

The object of the modern millinery pirate is by some means to get hold of the new fashions well in advance of the coming season, and, however jealously guarded the new models are, she—most pirates are women—very often succeeds, and the real owner has the mortification of seeing his novelty anticipated by some firm of infinitely less importance than his own.

Last spring the proprietor of one of the smartest shops in the west end of London noticed a lady walking in the park attired in a dress almost an exact copy of a brand new model of his own, a model which not half a dozen people had seen besides its inventor and himself. The design had been registered, but the copy was just sufficiently altered to steer clear of legal difficulties.

A most searching inquiry revealed the fact that the culprit was a lady who had always been considered one of the firm's smartest and best customers.

Her birth and position were less important than the state of her finances, and she had accepted the offer of a Berlin firm to dress her on condition that she supplied it with the very latest creations that found their way from Paris to London.

Having the entree of the innermost sanctum of the London firm referred to, she had taken advantage of its confidence in her to draw its designs from memory and post them to Berlin.

The London firm had no legal remedy whatever. All it could do was when the autumn styles were due and the lady called again to inform her that her patronage was no longer desired.

Another lady detected in a similar trick by the manager of a Regent street firm was very cleverly punished. Upon her next visit she was received with the same cordiality as ever and taken into the showroom, where the latest models were usually displayed.

She never suspected until too late that the room had been specially arranged for her reception. The models exhibited were anything but new, and the too smart firm which employed her was put to vast expense to work up dresses from patterns resurrected from those of years before which proved absolutely unsalable.

It is by no means exclusively for the purpose of stealing other people's original designs that "pushing" firms enlist the services of well dressed recruits.

Last summer a lady arrived at a smart seaside hotel, the sort of place where people stay for the whole season. She was pretty, smart and perfectly turned out—so well dressed, in fact, that other women, filled with envy, did their best to find out who was her dressmaker.

But, though she frequently boasted that the people were perfect treasures and that her bills amounted to next to nothing, she steadfastly refused to disclose the name.

One day, however, she accidentally dropped an envelope enclosing a bill from the mysterious dressmaker, a bill artfully "faked" so as to show prices of startling cheapness. Within a week the firm that employed this clever lady welcomed a dozen new customers.

Hotels, too, find the lady too most useful. Last autumn a very pretty girl arrived at a certain Scotch health resort establishment with her mother. She was smart, well dressed, a clever musician—just the sort of girl to be thoroughly popular with both sexes. At once she became the center of a large coterie of admirers.

Then after a few days her vivacious expression gave place to a look of utterable boredom. "I can't stand this place. It's so deadly dull," she said over and over again. Finally one evening she announced that she could not endure it an hour longer. She was going.

"Where?" was the question.

"Back to Bitherington," was the decided answer. "It may be a little dearer, but you get your money's worth there. One has such a good time there!"

Next day she left, and before the week was out a large proportion of her friends had followed her.—London Grand Magazine.

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A Rare Bird Indeed.

"I think I shall learn to like that friend of yours."

"You were favorably impressed by him, eh?"

"Yes, indeed. He watched me playing billiards for an hour yesterday without once suggesting how a shot ought to be made."—Detroit Free Press.

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The poppy bee is the artist of the honey makers, though she builds her nest in a hole in the ground, burrowing down about three inches. At the bottom she makes a large hole and lines it gloriously with the scarlet petals of the red poppy. She cuts and fits the gorgeous tapestry perfectly, then partly fills the cell with honey, lays an egg, folds down the red blankets and covers the hole so that it cannot be observed, leaving the baby bee to look after itself in its rosy nest.

A wise man never loses anything if he has himself.—Montaigne.

CHINESE SAILORS.

They Never Learn to Tie a Knot Properly, Says a Skipper.

"I don't know why it is," said the captain of the tramp steamer, "but you can't teach any of those Chinese sailors there to tie a real knot."

"There isn't much need aboard a steamer for the rope knowledge that used to be so much the part of a sailor's training, but we do need splices and knots now and again just the same."

"Those Chinese there, who were signed on as A. B.'s, can do anything needed in the way of splices that would make an old-timer green with envy, and they'll fix up deadeyes better than most of the men I've shipped."

"But you can't get one of 'em to tie a right knot. Teach 'em again and again, and they remember the lesson for half an hour. Next time there's a straight everyday knot to be tied the Chinese fore'sle hand makes up the same old granny."

"Every child that tries to tie a knot makes a granny. This kind of a knot is made up by passing the ends around each other in the reverse direction, making the ends stand out at right angles. The ends should be wound around each other in the same direction. When they come out of the knot they should lie alongside the line on either side of the knot. Such a knot won't slip. But a Chinaman can't learn it for keeps—not he."

"The Lascar and Malay and Kanaka learn the right knot easily enough. In a storm that's one of the things we have to guard against if we have Chinese sailors."—New York Sun.

EYE DEFECTS.

Some Things That Are Said to Affect the Sense of Vision.

Many eye defects, of course, are due to the bad habits of their possessors. Tobacco, for instance, is generally held to impair the vision, usually injuring the color sense so that gold and silver become indistinguishable. According to some medical authorities, again, the connection between eye and tooth trouble is more than an old wife's tale. In his book dealing with the subject Hancock relates the story of a boy who woke up one morning to find himself blind. On examination his teeth were discovered to be crowded together, and a few of them were removed, with the result that by evening he could distinguish between light and darkness. More teeth were removed, and in eleven days his sight was fully restored. Other cases which tend to show the connection between eye and tooth trouble have also been noted. Very frequently occupation has much to do with one or other eye defect. Thus nystagmus is sometimes known as the miners' disease.

Nystagmus is an involuntary oscillation of the eyeball to and fro or round in its orbit. In contradistinction to glaucoma, it is a young defect, having been noticed in infants, but sometimes it attacks miners after forty. Miners are inclined to attribute the falling to the bad light, but it is more likely to be caused by the continual upward glance so often necessitated by their occupation.—Strand Magazine.

What the Light Revealed.

A story is told of a simple and devout Methodist minister who was not sufficiently eloquent or businesslike to be approved by the presiding elder. Through the influence of the elder he felt sure he was appointed to a small and widely scattered settlement where there was much hard work, and the results were necessarily meager. One day he was commenting sadly on the narrowness of his opportunities to a friend, who said gravely that he ought to pray for light that he might see the hand of the Lord in his appointment.

"I have, brother," he answered, "again and again. But so far," he added, with a whimsical smile, "I've had only light enough to see the interfering hand of Elder Brown."—Youth's Companion.

Eyeglasses.

"Did you ever notice," queried an optician, "that nearly every person who wears rimless eyeglasses when polishing the lenses with a handkerchief holds the glasses by the nose piece, thus putting all the strain of the rubbing upon the screws which attach the glass to the metal? Of course this tends to loosen the glass and wear out the thread upon the tiny screw. This in turn causes the lenses to wobble, resulting in great discomfort to the wearer. It's strange how little intelligence intelligent people display in simple matters, but then it brings us business."—New York Globe.

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Children Cry for Fletcher's

CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher* and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is Pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. It cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. It relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation and Flatulency. It assimilates the Food, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS

Bears the Signature of

Chas. H. Fletcher

The Kind You Have Always Bought

In Use For Over 30 Years

THE CENTRAL COMPANY, 27 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

FAMOUS FISH EATERS.

The Love of Sea Food Was a Mania in the Time of Lucullus.

Many famous persons both in modern and ancient times have been known as devoted fish eaters. Gaius, queen of Syria, was so fond of fish that she ordered all caught within the limit of her kingdom to be brought to her in order that she might be constantly supplied with the choicest quality. Philopoxenus of Cythera, on learning from his physician that he must die of indigestion from having eaten excessively of a delicious fish, said, "Be it so, but before I go allow me to finish what remains."

Athena was a city of fish eaters, and its cooks were famous for their knowledge of cooking fish. The wise writers of the day spent much time in recording recipes for preserving fish in salt, oil or herbs. There was a law in the city that forbade a fishmonger to sit down until he had disposed of all his stock on the ground that a standing position made him more submissive and inclined to sell at a reasonable price.

The Romans inherited from the Greeks their love for fish. Rome's soldiers were fed on fish, her generals ate fish, her senators were epicures in fish, and her emperors recognized no dish more desirable than fish.

Lucullus caused a canal to be cut through a mountain near Naples to bring up the sea and its fishes to the center of the gardens of his sumptuous villa. The love of fish in these days was a mania. The red mullet was prized beyond all food. A sauce called garum, made from the entrails and blood of mackerel and other fishes, brought high prices, and great prizes were offered the man who could make a similar sauce out of the liver of the red mullet.

In more modern times kings have been known for their liking of fish. In the reign of Edward II. in England sturgeon could be served only on the king's table. In France fishmongers were licensed by the king. Louis XII. was so fond of fish he appointed six fishmongers to supply his table. Francis I. had twenty-two and Henry the Great twenty-four.

Under the reign of Louis XIV. fish eating became as popular at the French court as it had ever been in Rome. A story is told that when fish failed to arrive from the seacoast in time for a grand dinner being given by the Prince of Conde to the king the prince's chef, an illustrious purveyor of fish, was so chagrined he ran to his chamber, took his sword and pierced his heart.—Boston Globe.

Forgetful.

Absentminded Annette belongs to a club of young women in the west end of town. She went to a bridal shower given by the club and left her present at home.

"I'm so sorry that I forgot it," she said.

"Never mind," the other girls told her. "You can send it around later."

A few weeks later the club gave another bridal shower, and again Annette left her gift at home.

"Do you know what I've done?" she said when she discovered her mistake. "I've forgotten my present."

No one felt disposed to help her out. "But, then," she added, "didn't one of the girls forget her present last time, and didn't we say it would be all right if she sent it around later? I'm sure that happened to somebody."—Newark News.

Hardly.

An English political speaker was addressing an audience. Urging his hearers

SHE KNEW THE GAME.

A Nice Old Chicago Lady Who Was a Baseball "Fan."

I remember being on a Chicago street car, says Ella Parker Butler in Success Magazine, sitting beside a nice old lady in mourning a year or so ago. She was nervous and kept glancing at me and then glancing away again. It made me uncomfortable. I thought she took me for a pickpocket or some other bad man. Finally she could contain herself no longer. She leaned over. "Excuse me," she said, "but have you heard yet how the Cubs came out?"

"I hadn't," and her face fell, but in a moment she saw a possible opportunity for consolation.

"Well," she asked, "can you tell me how they are putting in the box today?"

How was that for a gray-haired granddama? In Chicago they all talk baseball from the cradle to the grave. Up to 3 o'clock in the afternoon during the baseball season no one talks about anything but the game of the day before. From 3 o'clock on the only subject is the game that is being played. The school child who cannot add two apples plus three apples and make it five apples with any certainty of correctness can figure out the standing of the Chicago nines with one hand and a pencil that will make a mark only when it is held straight up and down.

ART CRITICISM.

A Story a Painter Told About the Artist Constable.

A well known New York painter told at a luncheon a story about art criticism.

"All art criticism is tolerable," he said, "except that which is sincere. The great Constable at a vamping day at the Royal Academy paused before A's picture and said:

"Very good, especially the sky. The sky is superb."

"Then he passed on to B and said:

"A's picture is very bad. Go look at it. The sky is like putty."

"So B went and looked and then exclaimed as it to himself:

"Why, I like the sky!"

"Well," cried A, the painter of the picture, "why shouldn't you like my sky?"

"But Constable said it was like putty," B explained confusedly.

"So A in a furious rage strode up to Constable and shouted:

"Constable, you're a humbug. I never asked for your opinion about my picture, yet you came to me and praised it. You said that especially you liked my sky. Then at once you go off and tell some one else that my sky is like putty."

"Constable listened, with a smile. He was not at all confused.

"My dear fellow, you don't understand," he said, "I like putty."—Los Angeles Times.

A Fresh Start.

A girl came in and sat in front of them at the play, she and her escort. "What a lovely profile!" said he. "Beautiful! Delicate little upturned nose, small mouth, deep, pretty eyes! Isn't she beautiful—beautiful!"

"Beautiful," said she, "but not half so much so as the man she is with. Isn't he the handsomest chap you ever saw? Look at his color, his mustache, his lovely head of hair. So many men are bald or beginning to be bald. I do love to see a fine head of hair on a man."

"You know," he whispered, "it always makes me sore to speak of people beginning to be bald, and you know why?"

"Will you let up on the pretty profile if I cut out the bald head?" she asked.

"Yes," said he.

"All right," said she.—New York Press.

Born to Starve.

Many years ago an American naturalist, Dana, discovered on the surface of the sea a little animal of so singular a character that he named it "monstrilla." It is a small crustacean skin to the ctenophore so common in ponds. But, while the latter are furnished with all that is necessary to capture and digest their food, the monstrilla has neither apparatus for seizing prey nor any digestive tube. It is solely provided with muscles, nervous system and organs of sense; it lacks only what is necessary to prolong life by alimentation. The monstrilla is doomed, therefore, to natural death—exchange.

An Odd Wish.

A student at a technical school in Boston who had too frequently asked leave of absence offered on one occasion as a reason the necessity of attending the funeral of a cousin.

"Well," said the doubting instructor, "I suppose I must let you go, but I do wish it were a nearer relative."—Lippincott's.

Joyful.

"I should like some rather joyful toasters," said the slangy young man.

"Yes, sir. How about a check?" said the brisk haberdasher, thinking of what always brought most joy to himself.—Buffalo Express.

His Closeness.

Visitor—I saw your husband in the crowd downtown today. In fact, he was so close that I could have touched him. Hostess—That's strange. At home he is so close that nobody can touch him.—Puck.

Experience joined with common sense to mortals is a providence.—Green.

"I am a poor man." "When we are married I can learn to cook." "Hedn't you—er—better begin practicing," suggested the thrifty suitor, "while your father is yet supplying the raw material, so to speak?"—Stray Stories.

A PATHETIC PARTING.

Last Meeting of William Winter and Richard Mansfield.

The last days of Mansfield were inexpressibly afflictive and sorrowful. His condition underwent very many changes, his suffering at times was great, but slowly he gained a little strength. He had for some time been determined on a journey to England. His passage was engaged for May 4, but he was not able to sail. I saw him in the morning of May 11, 1907. "I told them I would see you, Willy," he said, "even if I were dying." We sat together for some time. He did not speak much, nor could I speak much to him. It seemed best that we should both pretend to believe that he would soon be well, but I knew that I should never see him again. When he did speak it was little more than a murmured word or two. His mind was busy with the past. Several times he mentioned Jefferson and his paintings. "Studies in green, they are," he said. Once he spoke aloud to himself, "I have not lived a bad life." Presently I rose to go and clasped his hand and said goodby. At the door I turned to look at him once more. He was sitting upright in his chair. His figure was much emaciated; his clothes hung loosely about him; his face was pale and very wrinkled in expression, and I saw in his eyes as he looked at me that he knew our parting was forever. I went back and kissed his forehead and pressed his hand and so came away. We never met again. Since then I have stood beside his grave. Life seems to be chiefly made up of farewells like that and memories like these.—Life and Art of Richard Mansfield, by William Winter.

BLOTTING PAPER.

Its Discovery Was the Result of a Workman's Carelessness.

Blotting paper was discovered purely by accident. Some ordinary paper was being made one day at a mill in Berkshire when a careless workman forgot to put in the sizing material. It may be imagined what angry scenes would take place to that mill, as the whole of the paper made was regarded as being quite useless. The proprietor of the mill desired to write a note shortly afterward, and he took a piece of waste paper, thinking it was good enough for the purpose. To his intense annoyance the ink spread all over the paper. All of a sudden there flashed over his mind the thought that this paper would do instead of sand for drying ink, and he at once advertised his waste paper as "blotting."

The reason the paper is of use in drying ink is that really it is a mass of hairlike tubes which suck up liquid by capillary attraction. If a very fine glass tube is put into water the liquid will rise in it owing to capillary attraction. The art of manufacturing blotting paper has been carried to such a degree that the product has wonderful absorbent qualities.

The original blotting paper was of a pink color, due to the fact that red rags were used, rags which could not be used for making the ordinary paper, as the color could not be removed. There was a method for using the apparently useless matter, and so for a long time pink was the predominant color.—London M. A. P.

The Arch.

The consensus of opinion among the learned is to the effect that the arch was invented by the Romans. Some claim that Archimedes of Sicily was the inventor, while there are others who would make it to be of Etrurian origin, but there can be no doubt about the fact that the Romans were the first to apply the principle to architecture. The earliest instance of its use is in the case of the Cloaca Maxima, or Great sewer, of Rome, built about 633 B. C. by the first of the Tarquin line of kings, a work which is regarded by the historians as being one of the most stupendous monuments of antiquity. Built entirely without cement, it is still doing duty after a service of almost twenty-five centuries.—New York American.

The Word "Slave."

An interesting instance in history of the twisted application of the names of a people is afforded by the case of the word "slave." Now, the Slavs, tribes dwelling on the banks of the Danube, derived their appellation from "Slav," meaning noble or illustrious. In the days of the later Roman empire vast numbers of these Slavs were taken over by the Romans in the condition of captive servants, and in this way the name of the tribes came in time to carry with it the idea of a low state of servitude, the exact antithesis of its original meaning and one that has survived to this time.

Where He Belonged.

"Sir," said a little bustling man to a religious opponent—"I say, sir, do you know to what sect I belong?"

"Well, I don't exactly know," was the answer, "but to judge from your make, shape and size I should say you belong to a class called the in-sect."—London Tit-Bits.

A Description.

"What kind of man is Witherington?"

"One of those fellows who depend upon their whiskers to lend them distinction."—Chicago Record-Herald.

The Problem.

Howell—What are you trying to figure out? Powell—How long it takes my wife's age to pass a given point.—New York Press.

What makes life dreary is want of motive.—George Eliot.

Strictly Accurate.

Lawyer—So you say the defendant pushed you against your will?

Witness—No, sir; I said he pushed me against the door.—Baltimore American.

"A fellow accumulates a lot of junk going through college." "Referring to the classics or pipes and pennants?"—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Figure It Out For Yourself.

If you want a hard case there is the case of a man who late at night bought a bottle of whisky at a public house—price, 3s. 6d.—says the London Globe. He handed over a five pound note, and the publican would not change it. "All right," said the customer. "Give me the whisky and 10s. 6d. and keep my five pound note." Next morning the customer came in, plunked down four sovereigns and said, "Give me back my five pound note and we shall be straight." The publican and the sinister looked at each other. Can you tell at a glance which got the better of the bargain when the customer went away with his five pound note in his pocket?

The question puzzled a whole office full of literary, financial, sporting, philosophical and editorial men—until it reached a girl of eighteen who is engaged in dealing with cash. All the rest were calculating on paper and reaching the result by devious ways. The cash girl saw it in a flash of the eye. Do you? Shut your eyes and do it in five seconds if you wish to beat the cash girl.

Wonderful Victoria Falls.

"It is well nigh impossible to describe a scene of such wonder, such wildness," says Lady Sarah Wilson in her "South African Memories" of the Victoria falls. But she gives this graphic description: "Standing on a point flush with the river before it makes its headlong leap, we gazed first on the swirling water losing itself in snowy spray which beat relentlessly on face and clothes while the great volume was noisily discharging itself into the unknown and terrifying depths. The sighter tries to look across, to strain his eyes and to see beyond that white mist which obscures everything, but it is an impossible task, and he can but guess the width of the falls, slightly horseshoe in shape, from the green trees which seem so far away on the opposite bank and are only caught sight of now and then as the wind causes the spray to lift. At the same time his attention is fixed by a new wonder—the much talked of rainbow. Never varying, never changing, that perfect shape is a surely more typical of eternity there than anywhere else."

Curran and Lord Clare.

Curran, the Irish Advocate, was on terms of intense enmity with Lord Clare, the Irish lord chancellor, with whom, when a member of the bar, he fought a duel and whose hostility to him on the bench, he always said, caused him losses in his professional income which he could not estimate at less than £30,000. The incidents attendant on this disagreement were at times ludicrous in the extreme. One day when it was known that Curran was to make an elaborate statement in chancery Lord Clare brought a large Newfoundland dog to the bench with him and during the progress of the most material part of the case began in full court to fiddle the animal. Curran stopped at once. "Go on, go on, Mr. Curran," said Lord Clare. "Oh, I beg a thousand pardons, my lord! I really took it for granted that your lordship was engaged in consultation."

Two Smart Actors.

In a popular historic drama the actor who takes the part of Napoleon is required to feed aloud a document of considerable length which is brought to him by General Berthier. This, being written at length, is seldom committed to memory. A short time ago, however, the property master at an English theater mislaid the document, and Napoleon, who was now to the part, received instead a blank sheet of paper. For a moment he was abashed; then, eager to escape from his predicament even at the expense of a fellow actor, he handed the paper to General Berthier, saying, "Read it to me."

"The other actor was not in the least confused. 'Your majesty,' he said, handing it back, 'I am only a poor soldier of fortune, and you must excuse me. I do not know how to read.'"

His Emancipation.

Away back in 1771 Josiah Woodbury of Beverly, Mass., thus published his happy emancipation from matrimonial woes:

Beverly, Sept. 16, 1771.

Ran away from Josiah Woodbury, cooper, his house plague for seven long years, Masury Old Moll, alias Trial of Vengeance. He that will never seek her: he that shall keep her I will give two Bushel of Beans. I forewarn all Persons in Town or County from trusting said Trial of Vengeance. I have have all the old (shoes) I can find for joy, and all my neighbors rejoice with me. A good Ridance of bad Ware. Amen!

JOSIAH WOODBURY.

Not Troubled.

Irate Tennant—I asked you when I rented this place if you had ever been troubled by chicken thieves, and you said no. Every one of my chickens was stolen last night, and I am told that the neighborhood has been infested with chicken thieves for years. Suburban Agent—I never keep chickens.

A Narrow Escape.

"What! You a widow, dear cousin?"

"Yes."

"Well, that's a lucky escape for me. Do you know, I nearly married you once."—Ben Vivant.

A Roast.

"It takes Freddie so long to make up his mind."

"Why should it? He has almost no material to work on."—Cleveland Leader.

Frugality is founded on the principle that all riches have limits.—Burke.

Serving Time.

"No man can serve two masters," said the priest to one of his parishioners.

"I know that, your reverence. Me brother tried it, and now he's doing time for bigamy."—Everybody's Magazine.

Frugality is founded on the principle that all riches have limits.—Burke.

Slim Chance for Her.

A missionary who was making his way through a backwood region came upon an old woman sitting outside a cabin. He entered upon a religious talk and finally asked her if she didn't know there was a day of judgment coming. "Why, no," said the old lady; "I hadn't heard of that. Won't there be more than one day?"

"No, my friend; only one day," was replied.

"Well, then," she mused, "I don't reckon I can get to go, for we've only got one mile, and John always has to go everywhere first."—N. Y. Sun.

She Had The Price.

In vain they told the heiress that the duke was an impostor and worse.

"Why," said a friend, "I have read there is a price upon his head." But the heiress, all serene, only answered: "I have the price!"—Young's Magazine.

William Jones and John Smith were neighbors and deadly enemies. They often crossed swords in court and out of it, and Jones, being what might be called more clever than Smith, invariably got the better of the encounter. In the end so cowed was Smith that the slightest move on the part of Jones made him nervous and suspicious, and with the remark, "I wonder what object he has in this?" he called up all his reserve faculties to combat the fresh attack which poor Jones never contemplated.

One day a friend called on Smith and greeted him with:

"Well, old man, have you heard the news?"

"No," said Smith. "What news?"

"Jones is dead. He died last night at midnight," replied the other.

Smith paused, drew a hard breath, raised his hand to his forehead and thought, then blurted out:

"Dead, did you say—Jones dead? Great heaven! I wonder what object he has in this?"

Three conceited young wife, as they imagined themselves to be, met a venerable Jewish Rabbi in Second avenue the other day.

"Good morning, Father Abraham," said the first.

"Good morning, Father Isaac," said the second.

"Good morning, Father Jacob," said the last.

"I am neither Abraham, Isaac, nor Jacob," replied the old gentleman, "but Saul, the son of Kish, who went out to seek his father's asses, and lo, I have found them."—N. Y. Times.

In the early days of Methodism in Scotland a certain congregation where there was but one steeple desired to build a chapel. A church meeting was held. The rich old Scotchman arose and said, "Brethren, we must need a new chapel! I'll give five pounds for repairs." Just then a bit of plaster falling from the ceiling hit him on the head. Looking up and seeing how bad it was, he said: "Brethren, it's worse than I thought. I'll make it fifty pounds."

"O Lord!" exclaimed a devoted brother on a back seat, "hit 'im again!"—Christian Register.

Saylor—Van Janter's big apartment house burned this morning and the tenants would hardly permit themselves to be dragged out. Melf—Why were they so reluctant to leave? Saylor—They said it was the first time the building had ever been comfortably warm.—Chicago News.

"I don't like these women who gossip about others, do you?" "I should say not. Now, there's Mrs. Green. She's always telling mean things about her neighbors. And Mrs. Hunter talks perfectly dreadful about her friends. Thank goodness, I never say anything about anybody!"—Stray Stories.

"I'm afraid my husband is developing the gambling instinct," sobbed the bride. "What's the matter, dear? Has he been playing poker?" "No, but yesterday he offered to match pennies with brother Frank to determine which one should pay the car fare."—Detroit Free Press.

Sand Swept Asia.

In the arid lands of central Asia the air is reported, as often laden with fine detritus, which drifts like snow around conspicuous objects and tends to bury them in a dust drift. Even when there is no apparent wind the air is described as thick with fine dust, and a yellow sediment covers everything. In Khoutan this dust sometimes so obscures the sun that at midday one cannot see to read the print without a lamp.

It Really Happens.

The Woman—Here's a wonderful thing. I've just been reading of a man who reached the age of forty without learning how to read or write. He met a woman, and for her sake he made a scholar of himself in two years. The Man—That's nothing. I know a man who was a profound scholar at forty. Then he met a woman and for her sake made a fool of himself in two days.—Cleveland Leader.

Nothing More to Say.

"Sir," said the candidate, "you promised to vote for me?"

"Well," said his Dutch friend, "and what if I did?"

"Well, sir, you voted against me?"

"Well, sir, if I did?"

"Then, sir, you lied?"

"Well, sir, if I did?"

Smart Bobby.

Minister—So you are going to school now, are you, Bobby? Bobby (aged six)—Yes, sir. Minister—Spell kitten for me, Bobby. Oh, I'm further advanced than that. Try me on cat.—Chicago News.

A Great Thinker.

"Biggins puts a great deal of thought into his work."

"Yes; he works ten minutes and then thinks about it for an hour and a quarter."

Half of success is in seeing the significance of little things.—Henry F. Cope.

Mother—Do you think that young man has matrimonial intentions, my dear? Daughter—I certainly do, mamma. He tried to convince me last night that I looked prettier in three guineas than in the three guineas one.—Scraps.

Where Rubies Come From.

All the world's great rubies come from the mines of the Mogok river, in China. There are four principal valleys in the valley, in each of which modern tools and machinery are used, which facilitate the proper examination of a large amount of beryl, or ruby-bearing clay, every day. In adjacent valleys the Burmese still prosecute their searches in the old way, digging and washing by hand labor, but often with astonishing results.

In the large workings the system is reduced to a science, with corresponding results. The work goes on day and night. The beryl is extracted by the open quarry method of removing all the surface down to the ruby-bearing clay, which is then dug, carried on rollers to the steam cleaning mill, washed, examined for rubies and spinels, then stretched almost everywhere along the Mogok valley, and wherever this rich old gold crumpling clay exists, rubies are to be found.

Besides the pure ruby, spinel or balas rubies are found in large quantities at Mogok. Wherever the ruby is found the spinel is certain to crop up close beside it. They are both crystals of alundum, but of different shapes. While the true ruby is pure corundum only, the spinel has a minute quantity of magnesium, which lessens its hardness one-fifth. Except in a few rare cases, the expert can distinguish readily between the two.

At the mines the rubies are separated to a certainty from the spinels by the use of the dichroscope. The gem is placed in the instrument so that a ray of light passes through it and is polarized. The true ruby shows a pure red ray, while the spinel shows a slight tinge of blue with the red. There are few really magnificent spinels to existence, the first among them all being the great Agatecut ruby in the English crown. Although the mines in the Mogok valley have produced practically all the rubies of ancient and modern times, it is difficult to learn how long these mines have been in operation, for it was always the policy of the Burmese kings to keep them as mysterious and secluded as possible.

It is known, however, that mines were in operation for a long time previous to 1800. At one mine alone 1,400 tons of beryl was washed daily through the busiest seasons, with resulting prosperity to the population. During the season as many as 2,000 workmen, nearly all Burmese, are employed.

Rubies are more precious than diamonds and are practically indestructible except by fire. While a flawless diamond may be worth roughly about \$100, a perfect ruby of the same weight would be worth at least double. But the increase in value as the size increases is much greater in rubies than in diamonds. A diamond of ten karats is worth perhaps \$1,000, while a ruby of that weight may be worth any price up to \$70,000, which was the value placed on a stone exhibited at the Franco-British exhibition in London last year.

The Burman is inclined to invest his savings in rubies and diamonds, which may readily be realized upon in times of financial stress.—Chicago Tribune.

Took no Chances.

At a banquet one night the Professor from the University of Oxford drank several glasses of port. When he rose to leave the table his legs, to his dismay, tottered and the room seemed to sway slightly. The terrified professor got to the parlor in safety. But soon his young hostess, leading a maid who carried two beautiful twin babies, came to him for his approbation. The professor sat up very erect. He gazed at the twins gnostically. Then he articulated carefully in a hoarse, thick voice: "What a beautiful little quid."

One was enough for Johnny.

The Sunday School lesson was from that scripture which teaches that if your brother strike you on the cheek, you should turn the other also and endure even for seventy times seven. Johnny had listened to his teacher very attentively while she emphasized this fact, and after the lesson the superintendent rose to make a few remarks:

"Now, boys," he said, "how many times ought a number boy to strike you before you hit him back?"

"Just about once!" promptly answered Johnny.—The Delinquent.

First sport (at prize fight)—But has lost his aggressiveness. I can't understand why he breaks ground.

Second sport—Perhaps he broke ground preparatory to planting a blow.—Kansas City Times.

For Over Sixty Years.

Mrs. Winslow's Sore Throat Syrup has been used by millions of mothers for their children while teething. It cures the inflammation of your throat by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of cutting teeth and at once gets a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Sore Throat Syrup" for children teething. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no kinder-kidder it. It cures "diarrhea," regulates the stomach and bowels, cures whooping cough, soothes the throat, reduces inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the waste system. "Mrs. Winslow's Sore Throat Syrup" for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the greatest discovery of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States. Price twenty-five cents a bottle. Sold by all druggists, throughout the world. Beware of cheap imitations. Winslow's Sore Throat Syrup. Guaranteed under the Food and Drug Act, June 16th, 1906. Serial number 1000.

Estimates place the amount of capital value of British investments in India at \$500,000,000.

If there ever was a specific for any one complaint, then Carter's Little Liver Pills are a specific for Sick Headaches, and every woman should know this. They are not only a positive cure, but are more preventive if taken when the approach is felt. Carter's Little Liver Pills act directly on the liver and bile, and in this way remove the cause of disease without irritating, making you sick, or weakening your system. If you try them you will not be disappointed.

The period of deepest sleep varies from 3 o'clock to 4.

There are nervous dyspeptic try Carter's Little Liver Pills. Dyspepsia makes you nervous, and nervousness makes you dyspeptic. Either one renders you miserable, and these little pills cure both.

London's underground tubes have a total length of 145 miles.

They make one feel as though life was worth living. Take one of Carter's Little Liver Pills after eating; it will relieve dyspepsia, indigestion, give tone and vigor to the system.

The last cable read in Brooklyn will soon be electrified.

More cases of sick headache, indigestion, constipation, can be cured in 10 minutes with last medicine, and for less money, by using Carter's Little Liver Pills, than by any other means.

Children Cry

FOR FLETCHER'S

CASTORIA

Children Cry

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Historical and Genealogical.

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In sending matter to this department the following rules must be absolutely observed:

1. Names and dates must be clearly written.
2. The full name and address of the writer must be given.
3. Make all queries as brief as possible with clearness.
4. Write on one side of the paper only.
5. In answering queries always give the date of the paper, the number of the query and the signature.
6. Letters addressed to contributors can be forwarded, must be in blank stamped envelopes, accompanied by the number of the query and its signature.

Direct all communications to
Miss E. M. TILLEY,
Newport Historical Rooms,
Newport, R. I.

SATURDAY, JUNE 18, 1910.

NOTES.

ZION CHURCH, NEWPORT, R. I.
Baptisms by Rev. John West.

(Continued.)

Rodman, Thomas P. Adult. Bap. Ap. 21, 1833.
Sherman, Charles, daughter of T. and S. Sherman; born Sept. 12, 1839; bap. Nov. 10, 1840.
Sherman, Henry Hudson, son of T. and S. Sherman; born 1838; bap. Aug. 20, 1840.
Sherman, James T. Adult. Bap. Mar. 20, 1842.
Sherman, Remington, son of Thos. and S. Sherman; born May 12, 1832; bap. June 8, 1835.
Sherman, Thos. Wilcox, son of Thos. and S. Sherman; born Mar. 2, 1829; bap. June 8, 1835.
Sherman, Thomas. Adult. Bap. Dec. 7, 1834.
Spencer, Sarah Ann. Adult. Bap. Mar. 18, 1812.
Spooner, Susan Stockman. Adult. Bap. Dec. 7, 1834.
Stephens, Hannah. Adult. Bap. Jan. 6, 1838.
Byson, Caroline M. Adult. Bap. Dec. 25, 1834.
Taggart, Cynthia. Adult. Bap. Ap. 16, 1830.
Thurston, Alfred Henry, son of C. H. and R. Thurston; born Oct. 2, 1832; bap. Nov. 10, 1840.
Thurston, Rachel Hall. Adult. Bap. Dec. 26, 1834.
Thurston, Sarah. Adult. Bap. Dec. 23, 1838.
Tilley, Charles N. Adult. Bap. Dec. 25, 1834.
Tilley, Charles E. Adult. Bap. Dec. 25, 1834.
Torrey, Caroline. Adult. Bap. Jan. 6, 1838.
Torrey, Lydia Bradford, daughter of Jos. W. and C. Torrey; born Mar. 23, 1830; bap. Aug. 2, 1835.
Torrey, Joseph William. Adult. Bap. May 20, 1835.
Townsend, Ellen. Adult. Bap. Dec. 25, 1834.
Townsend, John F. Adult. Bap. Ap. 11, 1841.
VanZandt, Edward, son of Ed. and Lydia VanZandt; born Nov. 27, 1839; bap. Mar. 26, 1837.
VanZandt, Mary Underhill, daughter of Wm. and C. VanZandt; born Nov. 27, 1839; bap. Mar. 26, 1837.
West, Harriet Van Courtland, daughter of J. and M. F. West; born July 20, 1831; bap. Nov. 27, 1834.
West, Mary Louisa, daughter of J. and M. F. West; born Oct. 19, 1837; bap. Aug. 31, 1838.
Whitehead, Emily. Catharine. Adult. Bap. Dec. 25, 1834.
Wilbour, Cornelius B. Adult. Bap. Oct. 5, 1834.
Wilbour, Cornelius, son of C. B. and M. A. Wilbour; born Dec. 2, 1830; bap. Dec. 7, 1834.
Wilbour, John Aaron, son of C. B. and M. A. Wilbour; born May 29, 1840; bap. Nov. 10, 1840.
Wilbour, Mary Ann. Adult. Bap. Oct. 5, 1834.
Wilbour, Mary Ann, daughter of C. B. and M. A. Wilbour; born May 25, 1837; bap. July 11, 1837.
Wilbour, Samuel Clarke, son of C. B. and M. A. Wilbour; born July 24, 1831; bap. July 11, 1837.
Wilbour, Sarah Elizabeth, daughter of C. B. and M. A. Wilbour; born Jan. 25, 1825; bap. Dec. 7, 1834.
Wood, Blaudius Dudley, daughter of Robert C. Wood; born Jan. 9, 1834; bap. May 27, 1835.
Wood, John Taylor, son of Robert C. Wood; born Aug. 13, 1830; bap. May 27, 1835.
Wood, Robert Crooke, son of Robert C. Wood; born Apr. 6, 1832; bap. May 27, 1835.—E. M. T.

(To be continued.)

QUERIES.

6721. COOKS—Wanted, names of descendants of John Cooke.
Jonathan Thurston, of Newport, R. I., married Margaret Sweet, June 15, 1771. He died June 28, 1780, aged 31. She applied for administration on his estate Aug. 9, 1780. Children:
1. Ruth Scott, bap. Ap. 17, 1775, died Dec. 24, 1791.
2. Margaret Sweet, bap. Mar. 14, 1777, died Ap. 15, 1791.
3. Jonathan: John Cook was appointed his guardian, 1785. He d. 1800. Widow Margaret Thurston married John Cooke.
Jonathan Thurston's will, dated Nov. 19, 1738; rec. Oct. 8, 1800, mentioned Capt. Peleg Wood, executor; sister Elizabeth W. Cooke; sister Sarah Cooke; mother Margaret Cooke.
Margaret Cooke married Peleg Wood Ap. 2, 1787, at Trinity Church.
Margaret Cooke, widow, prayed for administration on estate of her deceased husband, John Cooke, Nov. 7, 1786.
The children of John Cooke seem to have disappeared from Newport, and I do not find them in Little Compton, where I thought they might have gone. No clue to the parentage of John Cooke, I have been searching for that, in order to find his brothers and sisters, if possible.—C. S.

PORTSMOUTH.

St. Mary's Guild gave a whist and strawberry supper at the home of Mr. and Mrs. John E. Manchester on Quaker Hill Wednesday afternoon, which was largely attended. Whist was played for several hours on the piazza, and the first prize was awarded to Mrs. W. Frank Kenyon and the consolation to Mrs. Fred Bacheller, both of Newport. Supper was served from 6 to 8, tables being set on the piazza, which was partly enclosed, and in the dining room. Strawberries and cream, hot biscuits, coffee and cake were served. The house was prettily decorated with pink laurel. A goodly sum was netted.

MIDDLETOWN.

Newport County Pomona Grange will be entertained by Little Compton Grange at their Grange hall next Tuesday. The program for the afternoon session will be conducted by the "Three Graces": Flora, Mrs. Edward Corey of Tiverton; Ceres, Mrs. Joseph A. Peckham of Middletown; Pomona, Mrs. Warren R. Sherman of Portsmouth. The trip to Little Compton in June is one of the pleasantest of the Pomona outings.

Sunday will be the last session of the Sunday School at the Berkeley Memorial Chapel for the summer. Their annual picnic will be held on Wednesday, June 23, at Gray Craig Park which has been kindly loaned by Mr. and Mrs. J. Mitchell Clark for several years.

Mr. George Barlow Barker, second son of Mr. and Mrs. Olin P. Barker of Providence (formerly of Middletown), was married on Thursday to Miss Elizabeth Ann Freer, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Freer of Providence. The ceremony was performed at St. John's Episcopal Church, Providence. A number of relatives from Middletown and Newport attended the wedding.

Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Congdon Barker (Miss Gladys Sherman), returned Monday from their wedding trip which was spent in Vermont and Canada. They have been housekeeping at their cottage on Paradise avenue.

The New Bedford outing planned by the Oliphant Club for their regular day last week failed to mature owing to the rain. The date has now been set for July 1st. Mrs. Howard S. Bailey, who formerly resided in Middletown, will be the hostess. The Club picnic is to be held this week with Miss Ella M. Sherman on the East Main road.

Mrs. Charles Morgan Stone of Providence is visiting Mr. Joseph F. Altro, on Peckham avenue.

Mr. William Chapin Hubbell, a member of Roosevelt's company of Rough Riders, has been in New York during the week to assist in the celebration planned to welcome the ex-President upon his return home.

Rev. John B. Diman, headmaster at St. George's School, delivered the baccalaureate sermon for the school on Sunday at the Berkeley Memorial Chapel, before a large congregation. Sunday being the octave of St. Columba special services were conducted in conjunction with the celebration of Holy Communion. Mr. Walter Ruel Cowles, musical director at the school, presided for the last time at the organ. Mr. Cowles expects to start next week for Paris and to remain abroad for several years to continue his musical studies. The offertory taken was for the benefit of St. Andrew's School for Boys, Providence, and amounted to \$64. The music through the summer will be by the former Parish choir.

The banquet for the graduating class at St. George's School was held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Johnson E. Whitman, on Paradise avenue, Saturday evening. Covers were laid for 18, and friends and relatives of the boys assisted in decorating the dining-room for the occasion. Carnations were used in profusion. The menu was quite elaborate and speeches and class songs marked the evening as one long to be remembered. Many of the relatives were entertained over Sunday by Mr. and Mrs. Whitman.

The members of St. Mary's Church held a strawberry supper Tuesday evening at Holy Cross Guild House for the benefit of the choir fund of St. Mary's Church and the church of the Holy Cross. There was an attendance of about 150. Mrs. Jeannette Coggeshall was chairman of the supper committee assisted by Mrs. Gertrude Wilbur and Miss Annie Almy. This was the third in the series of suppers all of which have been most successful. Music throughout the supper and for dancing was given by Mrs. Alvin Simmons.

Mr. Alfred G. Vanderbilt has kindly loaned Oakland Farm for the annual Lawn Fete for the benefit of St. Mary's Church which will occur July 6th. The arrangements are being conducted under the direction of Mrs. Reginald G. Vanderbilt, who arrived early in the month at Sandy Point farm.

A number of the members of St. George's School will leave in the course of the next two weeks, for Europe. Rev. John B. Diman, headmaster, sails on the 26th for a six weeks' vacation in France. Mr. Walter R. Cowles leaves for Paris, sailing next week. Mr. Harold D. Barton (History), is about to become an Episcopal Missionary at St. John's College, Shanghai, China; Mr. Arthur S. Roberts (English and Greek) will spend his Sabbatical year in Hungary and Vienna, and will leave July 1st with his wife and daughter. The summer will be passed in Budapest, Hungary, the home of his wife's people.

The five schools closed on the 17th for their summer vacation. In place of the picnics held for a number of years, a part of the afternoon was spent in games.

There was a partial observance of the 134th anniversary of Flag day in the town on Tuesday and a brief talk was given on the subject at the Oliphant School by the principal, Mr. Lendall Houghton.

A flock of 30 hens, including early broilers, was destroyed by dogs on Peckham avenue on Monday morning at an early hour. The poultry was found to be still warm when discovered at their usual feeding time although life was extinct.

The annual strawberry festival of Aquidneck Grange will take place at the town hall next Thursday evening. Committee, Mrs. Edward J. Peckham, chairman, assisted by Mrs. E. Mariou Peckham and Mrs. Wm. C. Hubbell. Upon the same evening the Methodist Social Union will hold its summer session at the Methodist Episcopal Church at the Four Corners. The evening's address will be delivered by Rev. James Ramsdell, D. D., pastor of the First Congregational Church of New Bedford.

The annual children's Sunday will be observed Sunday evening at the M. E. Church by a concert given by the Sunday School assisted by the church choir.

Visitor—"Do you find it economical to do your own cooking?"
Young Wife—"Oh, yes; my husband doesn't eat half as much as when we had a cook!"—Comic Cuts.

"Come on swimming!" I'll show you some new strokes." "Nope, last time I went did show me some new ones."—Houston Post.

Teacher—"What can we do with our useless organs? Little Eben—Trade 'em for phonographs, of course.—Puck.

A UNIQUE
EXAMPLE OF LIFELONG QUALITY.

We guarantee our Furniture—not for tomorrow, or for next year—but for at least a life time of honorable service. We guarantee it because failure to satisfy you involves failure to satisfy ourselves. Even one disappointed customer can clog the wheels of progress. Our interests are mutual.

We show a valiant and faithful friend in the picture of the bookcase at the right. Notice the very artistic effect of the wood fret on the two large hinged doors. It is a special Titus offering in a solid

Figured Mahogany Bookcase.

With four deep adjustable shelves which will safeguard an unusually large number of books. It stands full 54 inches high and is 40 inches in width. Simply as a decoration feature for the library—it will provoke enthusiastic comment from those who revel in the attractiveness of the furnishings of the house beautiful.

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PROVIDENCE TELEPHONE CO.,

LOCAL CONTRACT OFFICE, 112 Spring St., Newport, R. I.

INJUNCTION IS VACATED

Curtiss and Paulhan Score a Point

Against Wright Brothers

New York, June 15.—Orville and Wilbur Wright lost a point in their court fight to protect the patents covering their aeroplane from alleged infringements by Glenn H. Curtiss and Louis Paulhan, the French aviator.

By unanimous decision the United States court of appeals vacated the temporary injunctions obtained by the Wright company against Paulhan and the Herring-Curtiss company, pending trial of suits which will determine whether there is any infringement in fact.

The decision cites that the only question involved is whether in the defendants' aeroplane the tendency to swerve or spin is counteracted by means of a vertical rudder. Following the original decision numerous affidavits were submitted by both sides, which present sharp conflict in the evidence.

Under the circumstances, the court says, the infringement is not so clearly established as to justify a preliminary injunction.

Carr's List.

THE MAN HIGHER UP.

By Henry Russell Miller.

THE REPT MASTER.

By Joseph Lincoln. Author of Uncle William.

THE HEART OF DESIRE.

By Elizabeth Dejeans.

THE ILLUSTRIOUS PRINCE.

By Heinrich Heine.

THE UNDESIRABLE GOVERNMENT.

By Marion Crawford.

DAILY NEWS BUILDING.

Probate Court of the Town of New

Shoreham, R. I., June 6, 1910.

Estate of Robert C. Dodge.

AN INSTRUMENT in writing, purporting to be the last Will and Testament of Robert C. Dodge, late of said New Shoreham, deceased, is presented for probate, and the same is received and referred to the fifth day of July, at 6 o'clock p. m., at the Probate Court Room, in said New Shoreham, for consideration and it is ordered that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week, in the Newport Mercury.

EDWARD P. CHAMPLIN,

Clerk.

ADMINISTRATION NOTICE.

New Shoreham, R. I., June 18th, 1910. THE UNDERSIGNED, Executor of the last Will and Testament of J. R. A. H. LITTLEFIELD, late of the Town of New Shoreham, deceased, which will has been admitted to probate by the Probate Court of the Town of New Shoreham, hereby gives notice that she has accepted said trust and has given bond according to law.

All persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified to file the same in the office of the clerk of said court within six months from the date of the first advertisement hereof.

ELIZABETH LITTLEFIELD,

Executrix.

ADMINISTRATION NOTICE.

New Shoreham, R. I., June 18, 1910. THE UNDERSIGNED hereby gives notice that she has been appointed by the Probate Court of the Town of New Shoreham, Administratrix with the will annexed, on the estate of ADNER E. MOTT, late of said New Shoreham, and has given bond according to law.

All persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified to file the same in the office of the clerk of said court within six months from the date of the first advertisement hereof.

SARAH J. MOTT,

Administratrix with will annexed.

6-1337

Ethel (confidentially)—Do you know, Clara, that I had two offers of marriage last week? Clara (with enthusiasm)—Oh, I am delighted, dear! Then the report is really true that your uncle left you his money?—Pick-Me-Up.

Teachers' Certificates.

The Annual State Examinations for Teachers' Certificates will occur on Thursday and Friday, June 30 and July 1, 1910, at the Rhode Island Normal School, Providence.

Provided six or more persons make application therefor, examinations will also be held in each of the following places: Newport, Rhode Island; Westerly, High School; East Greenwich, Academy; North Scituate, Grammar School; but no examinations will be held in any place for less than six applicants. Examinations will begin each day promptly at 10 o'clock a. m.

On THURSDAY, examinations in Arithmetic, English, Geography, History, Physiology, Reading and Spelling, for both Third and Fourth Grade Certificates; in Academic subjects for first and second grade Certificates; in Providence only.

On FRIDAY examinations in Professional Subjects for all grades.

Any person desiring to take the examinations must, on or before June 25, notify the undersigned of the grade of certificate for which and the place at which he intends to take the examination.

WALTER E. BANGER,

Secretary State Board of Education.

Box 1511, Providence. 6-1338

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